THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVIII No. 1800 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — JULY 21 1934

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Week-Days—RESTAURANT

A.M.

10.0 "The Royal Scot"—Edinburgh and Glasgow.

10.5 Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen (and Oban—Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays only).

P.M.

1.15A "The Mid-day Scot"—Glasgow.

1.30B "The Mid-day Scot"—Edinburgh and Glasgow.

1.35 Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Aberdeen, Oban and Inverness. (No arrival on Sundays for Oban and Inverness.)

Sundays—RESTAURANT

A.M.

11.30 Glasgow (Cent.).

11.45 Glasgow (Cent.) and Edinburgh (Princes Street). Perth.

NOTES: **A** *Saturdays only. Will not run after September 8th.* **B** *For Edinburgh only on Saturdays until September 8th inclusive.*

FROM KING'S CROSS (L·N·E·R)

Week-Days—RESTAURANT

A.M.

10.0 "The Flying Scotsman"—Louis XVI Restaurant. Edinburgh (non-stop), Dundee, Aberdeen.

10.5 Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Aberdeen.

11.20 "The Queen of Scots" Pullman. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee.

11.50 Edinburgh, Glasgow.

P.M.

1.20 Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Inverness.

Sundays—RESTAURANT

A.M.

11.20 Edinburgh.

P.M.

12.40 Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Inverness.

FROM ST. PANCRAS (LMS)

Week-Days—RESTAURANT

A.M.

9.0 "The Thames—Forth Express"—Edinburgh, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen.

10.0 "The Thames—Clyde Express"—Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Glasgow (St. Enoch), Ayr, Turnberry.

12.0 noon Edinburgh, Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Glasgow, Perth (and Inverness—no arrival on Sundays).

Sundays

A.M.

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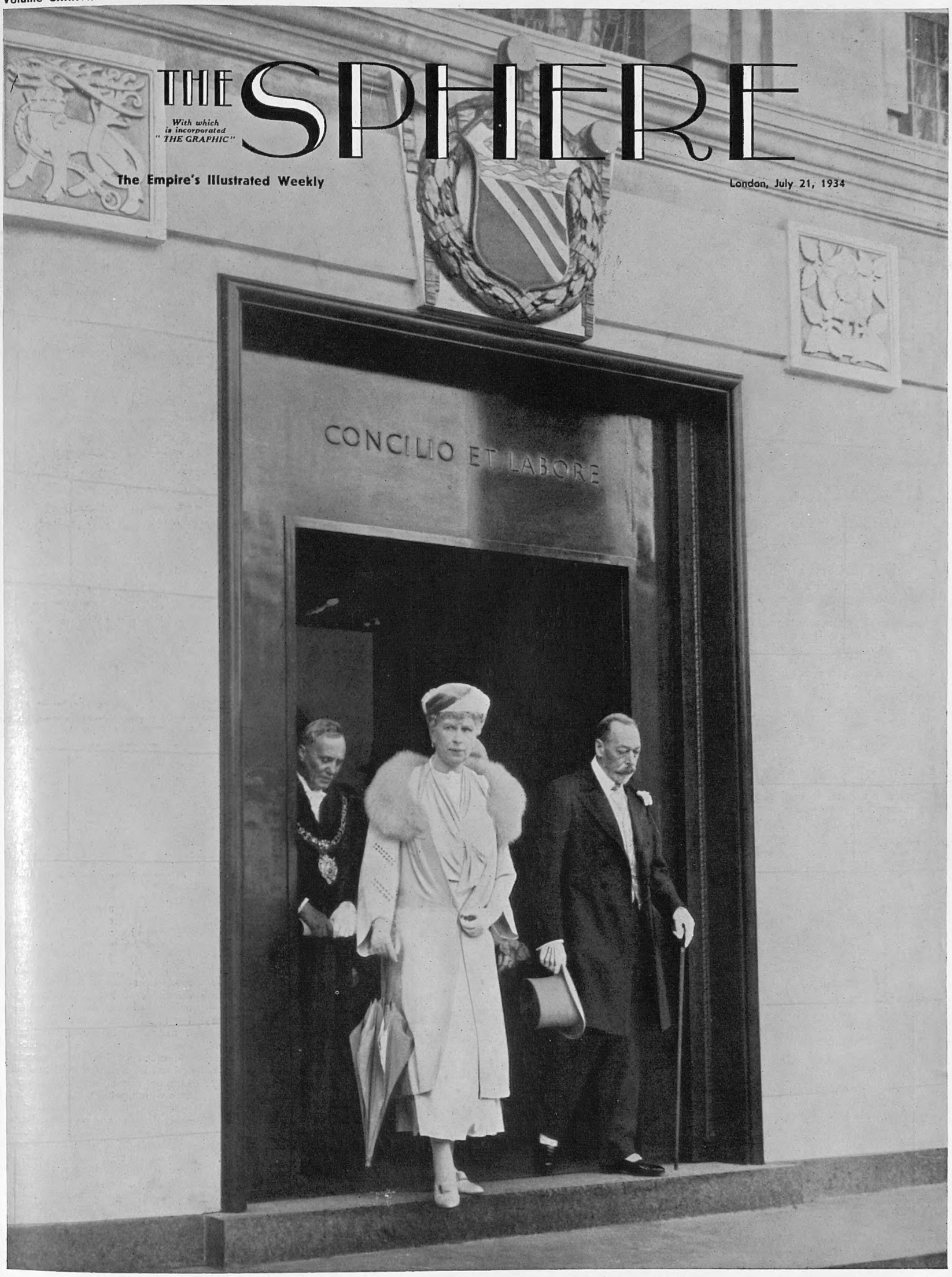
Volume CXXXVIII No. 1800

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, July 21, 1934



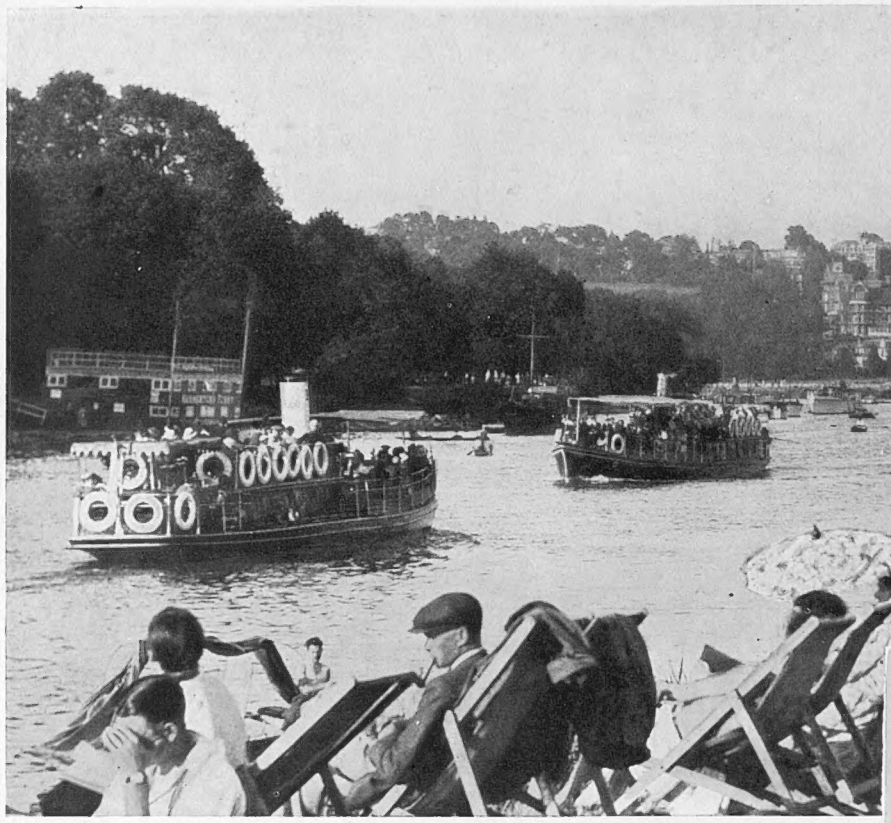
THE ROYAL TOUR OF LANCASHIRE

The King and Queen, Accompanied by the Lord Mayor, Leaving After the Opening of the New Manchester Library

After their week's stay at the Palace of Holyroodhouse, Edinburgh, the King and Queen visited the two great cities of Lancashire. On Tuesday the King laid the foundation stone of the town-hall extension and opened the Central library in Manchester, and on Wednesday he opened the tunnel beneath the Mersey in Liverpool. Their Majesties received a tremendous reception in the Cotton City where they carried through an arduous programme in heat-wave weather. Wherever they went cheering crowds lined the streets, many of the people standing in the sun for hours in order to gain a glimpse of the Royal Party. The new library, the architect of which is Mr. Vincent Harris, is designed in the Classic manner. It has over twenty-five miles of books, and has cost approximately £450,000 to build

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A LONDON



THE CALL OF THE RIVER: An animated week-end scene on the Thames above Richmond. Dominating the distant heights is the hospital for disabled soldiers

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, July 18, 1934.

M. BARTHOU'S IDEA.—

The sheaves which M. Barthou carried back to Paris were revealed to and approved by the House of Commons on Friday. M.P.s who lunched at Lord's and tore themselves away from Villiers' bright innings and missed Studd's immortal catch, had the compensation of a pleasant surprise. For almost every shade of opinion in the House gave a full or only slightly qualified approval to M. Barthou's aim of a pact of mutual assistance for Eastern European nations —Russia, Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and the Baltic States. It is no use halloo-ing yet about the Eastern Locarno. It is foolish yet to declare that Russia is back in the League, Germany returning to the fold, and a good prospect in sight of a 50 per cent. cut in armaments. On the other hand, it is as foolish to declare that Germany, which has not yet had time seriously to consider what the plan offers to and imposes on her, has already killed it dead in an unofficial denouncement. The principle of regional agreements of this character under the ægis of the League is accepted not only by great Powers whose views are widely divergent, but by statesmen in this country who have ridiculed earlier efforts to find acceptable peace formulæ. The "island states," Britain and Italy, smiled on the plan across the mountains dividing and the waste of seas, and, while stressing their own determination to undertake no more military commitments, made it clear that an isolationist policy was entirely *vieux jeu*. If Germany will examine the proposals with patience and sympathy, determined to read into France's initiation of an Eastern pact on Locarno lines no sinister motives, then indeed the way may be left clear for one more effort to secure disarmament and to banish the fear of world war in our time.

CHEERS FOR THE CHAMPION: When Miss Dorothy Round returned to Dudley, her home-town, she was accorded a civic reception in honour of her great victory in the Women's Singles Championship at Wimbledon. She is seen here addressing the crowd of 45,000 which assembled to greet her

A STROKE OF GENIUS: Miss Pam Barton, the seventeen-year-old English girl who scored an overwhelming victory over Mlle D. Lavigne, of St. Germain, in the final of the French Ladies' Open Golf Championship at Le Touquet last week. She did the first 18 holes in 76, and beat her opponent by 11 up and 9. In May Miss Barton sprang a surprise when, at her first attempt, she reached the final of the English Ladies' Open Championship and, after a gallant struggle, was defeated by Mrs. A. Holm

A DIVISION OF DUTIES.—

One advantage of the two-Premier system under which our National Government is conducted is that those duties which may fall on a Premier, which are utterly irreconcilable with his life-long principles, may be performed by his colleague, his *alter ego*. Mr. Baldwin is not a man to shirk the least pleasant responsibilities of high office and so it falls to him (and has fallen to him as a rule) to deal with our increase in armaments and to announce the details of *our* five-year plan. Mr. MacDonald has left England and the field clear for Mr. Baldwin. Let no man quote "When the cat's away, the mice will play." The junker business falls naturally to Giuseppe, to Marco the arts of peace and diplomacy. Marco announces the Government subvention in aid of the purchase of some beautiful work of art or manuscript for the Nation, Giuseppe warms the heart of the armament firms whose stocks have too long been in the doldrums. Thus the old parties retain some semblance of their former age-long principles, and political babel is avoided. The unpleasant duty which now devolves on Mr. Baldwin is widely regarded as a bitter and inexorable necessity, but a man less altruistic and courageous might well have jibbed at the unenviable responsibility for firing the pistol in the new "armaments race," and have tried by all means to jigger with the holiday arrangements of the dual monarchy.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE—THE LAST PHASE?—

The Silly Season is signalled and the day of fantasy and theorizing is dawning for Fleet Street. A good deal of theorizing has already been done discreetly on the life of the present Government and the composition of the next Coalition or National Government, if such is to succeed the present; and the theorists as we know include many Conservative and a few Liberal M.P.s. It is generally accepted that, whatever the term of the present Parliament, none of the smaller parties could yet hope to form a Government on the wave of reaction. Some form of National Government is regarded as the certain successor of the present. The difficulty is to earmark a leader who could rally to National Government the large body of voters, lukewarm, cold, or in the wilderness of party. That Mr. MacDonald has earned his rest and needs it is widely held. As generally held is the view that the objections to a Conservative leader are too strong for another Baldwin premiership; and in any case Mr. Baldwin would seem a doubtful starter for the post, even though no strong competitor in his own party is yet in the field. What of Mr. George? His political education has never been static. He is still elastic and alive. He has in the past decade swallowed more than one obstructing political horse-ball and the creed of his youth cannot be described as cast-iron. Those who have summed him up see banked-up in him fires which could make steam for three years to come or more. Nor is he so irreconcilable and so isolated as appears on the surface. He and Mr. Baldwin treat each other with marked politeness. If in the next production, Mr. Baldwin took up his original part of Giuseppe with Mr. George playing Marco (vice Mr. MacDonald, translated to a higher sphere), what a block of doubters, the lukewarm and the friendless, might not the magic name of Lloyd George bring in to support the management? So "they" say. And Mr. Baldwin? Well, I fancy he would feel that the loss to literature would be too high a price to pay for Mr. George's return to politics. Hence his encouragement of Mr. George's books. For the rest, perhaps Oxford University may afford to Mr. MacDonald a bolt hole from Seaham.

GERMANY: THE SLEEPERS WAKE.—

Day by day, since the first news of Hitler's "purge" made us rub our eyes and ask if we were awake, we

NEWSLETTER

have been acquiring evidence of all kinds that our sleep has been deep indeed, deep and continuous since the coming of Hitler to power lulled us into a false "security." It is now abundantly clear that what we mistook for solid concrete was but a canvas screen hiding the still shattered and rotten foundations of German civilization. In spite of all those wireless talks, all those inspired reports from clever M.P.s who had spent a month in Germany, in spite, in a word, of our much-vaunted improvements in communications between State and State, our knowledge of the true state of Germany was nil. The diplomatic methods of the Middle Ages could have achieved as much and more. The public need not feel ashamed, since our own Government was so easily deceived. Indeed, it seems that the whole of Europe deliberately conspired to believe the impossible and to switch over its fears of Germany's collapse to fears of German aggression. Viewing the facts soberly now, we realize how utterly impossible it was for even a superman to concrete and re-establish those foundations which, in spite of incredible national sacrifices, unexampled misfortunes had utterly undermined. Germany, we know now, is rocking on her foundations, as she was when Hitler came to power (we knew it then), as she has remained during the whole of his régime, despite his supreme efforts, and as she is to-day. She is faced with disasters of all kinds. That she could ever have waged a war successfully for even a month, we now know to be an impossible fantasy. It was either Hitler or Communism, and so it still is. Yet a few weeks ago war was a possibility to scores of experienced statesmen, a probability to a few. Truly we sit still in the darkness of the Middle Ages and have gained nothing at all, in knowledge, in wisdom, in understanding, or in humility, from all the pride and glory of our scientific methods of acquiring information. We laugh now at the absurdity of the belief that by one waving of his wand Hitler could have re-established Germany on sure foundations. But the laugh should be at our own myopia. The "leaders," the inspired reports, the assurances, the pronouncements, the Hansard reports, of the Spring of 1934, condemn us, Europe, civilization, and all its governments, to a common Bedlam. Will any statesman take them off the files and read them again?

EQUINE WINNERS OF MANY PRIZES: Three horses, which are used by Mr. Arthur Green of Putney in his transport business, with some of the 100 awards they have secured at various horse shows during the past ten years

A BREATH OF FRESH AIR.—It never fails year after year to give us a shock when the first lists of shootings on the Scottish moors are published. The bomb bursts annually in Lord's week, when strawberries are still being picked and raspberries still a new sensation. It comes as often as not in a heat wave to remind us that the bird of Time is on the wing, the holiday season is upon us, the Season in its last lap, and that other bird, exclusively British, growing "strong on the wing." It is time to think about overhauling guns (which have been employed on the humble but necessary task of keeping the jays from the green peas) for sterner work on hand. As for the grouse reports, they are fairly optimistic and not very reliable. Ever since the last great universal bumper year for grouse (1922), we have had nothing but local bumper years. So we have come to take July reports *cum grano*. If the East Coast has been very good, the West, Inverness, Moray, and West Perth, has been patchy, and vice versa. The general estimate for the season 1934 are coveys averaging six, with prospects better on the low ground than the high. The early nesting on the high ground was undoubtedly affected by snowstorms in early May. But there is still the menace of drought, though Scotland has not suffered from it as England has. Given adequate rainfall, the younger broods should now develop quickly and all should be favourable for a fair average year.

SCOTT OF THE "GUARDIAN."—Dr. J. L. Hammond's life of C. P. Scott, the great editor of the great *Manchester Guardian*, is not only a model biography but a most stimulating and heartening document, and I strongly recommend it to serious readers. That the book is continuously interesting to students of political and social history will be readily believed by those who have read Dr. Hammond's earlier books, and by those who already know that Scott exercised a great political influence, as effective as unobtrusive, in all the major events between 1905 and 1932. Those events include Woman's Suffrage, Ireland, the War, and the Peace Treaty and the Irish "settlement"; and the men who turned to him for help and relied on his advice included Rosebery, Redmond, Asquith, Grey, and Lloyd George. The last-named above all. Mr. George, who can be an implacable enemy to those who oppose him, received with patience and even humility a great deal of harsh criticism from Scott, and returned ever and again to canvass Scott's advice. What was the key to Scott's influence and to Mr. George's deference? The answer is most heartening. When in 1905 the chance came to Scott to acquire the *Guardian*, he took a very great risk and backed the whole of his family's fortunes on the noblest throw of all. At a time when all over the country journalism was being "commercialized," popularized, and in large measure debased, by every device which could increase circulation and swell dividends, Scott resolved to go against the tide and by all means to conserve the decencies of independent journalism, and to prove that merit and decency can still pay. He succeeded. He built up again to permanent prosperity his great paper and he created for himself a reputation for soundness, political wisdom and, above all, for selfless patriotism. As a result, his advice was sought and taken by public men, harassed with the problems of the day and themselves blinded and disillusioned in their constant intercourse with self-seeking and corruption. Time and again, it was Scott who was able to point them to the narrow path of duty, common sense and patriotism, of which he at least never lost sight. He made mistakes, of course. Sometimes perhaps he was too little elastic, too uncompromisingly fixed in the old traditions. But his journal, his achievements, and his fame speak for him and justly measure his greatness. In the hour of our debasement, he proved that decency and merit are still a commercial proposition and that character is still recognized.

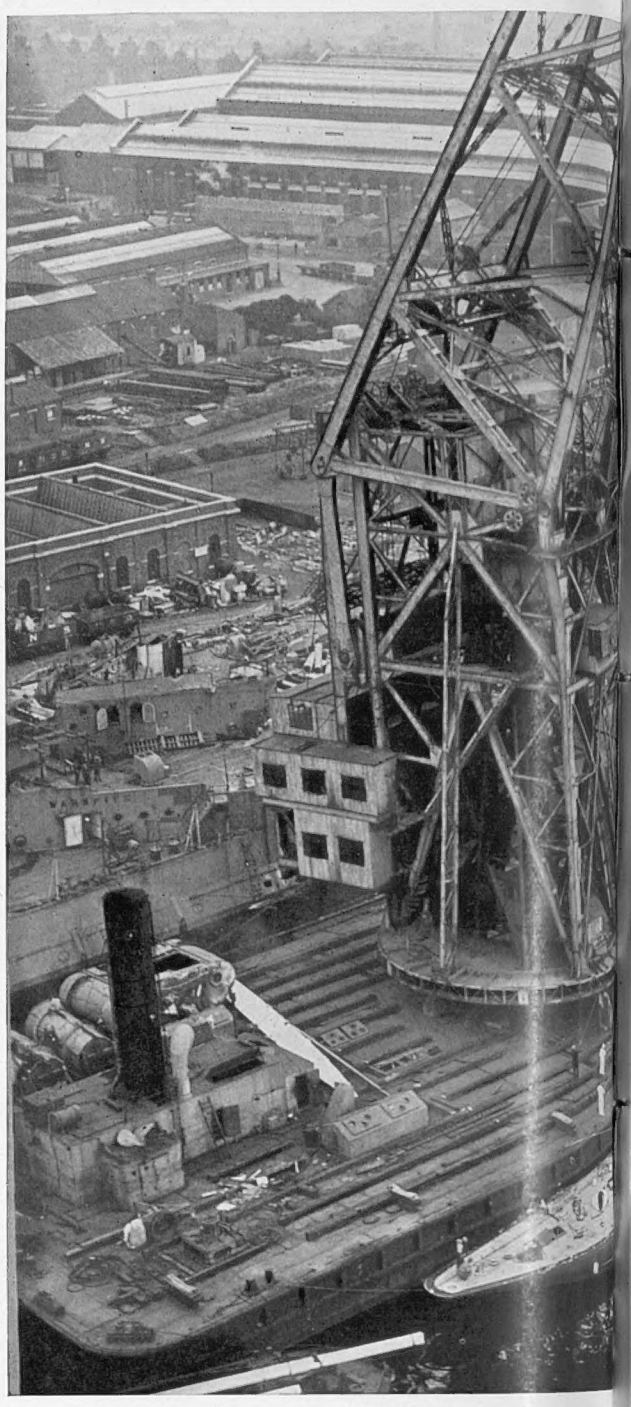
THE WANING SEASON.—The London Season is drawing to a close. Lord's week is over and the famous ground sails into the doldrums of county, school, and army matches ("band if possible"). In London, fever-heat interest in cricket will only awake once more for the Final Test at the Oval. After the Royal Garden Party on the 26th, London is given over to holiday time. Thenceforward it is a matter of empty desks, flannel suits, fashion "passing through" on its way to Goodwood, Cowes, and Scotland; and sunburnt pessimists returning to their offices, with Christmas holidays as their next hope of release. Without anticipating Christmas, let us salute some passing features of summer which have been neglected. It has been quite a notable polo season, stimulated by the presence of a visiting American team which in a thrilling match received a needed check to its succession of victories. The 'Varsities and the Regiments have fought out their championships, and the strings of ponies are already being dispersed at Tattersall's. The Cowdray fortnight, that most popular feature of the Goodwood meeting, will not take place this year. The real tennis season also has been interesting. There were good matches all last week at Lord's, notably Johnson v. Latham, and the final stages of the gold and silver prizes. The eclipse of polo and tennis in general interest is due, no doubt, to the immense appeal of lawn tennis as a spectacle and as a general game, and to the fact that every year the number of spectators capable of appreciating the finer points of these scientifically intricate old games, grows less.

THE OLD STAGER.

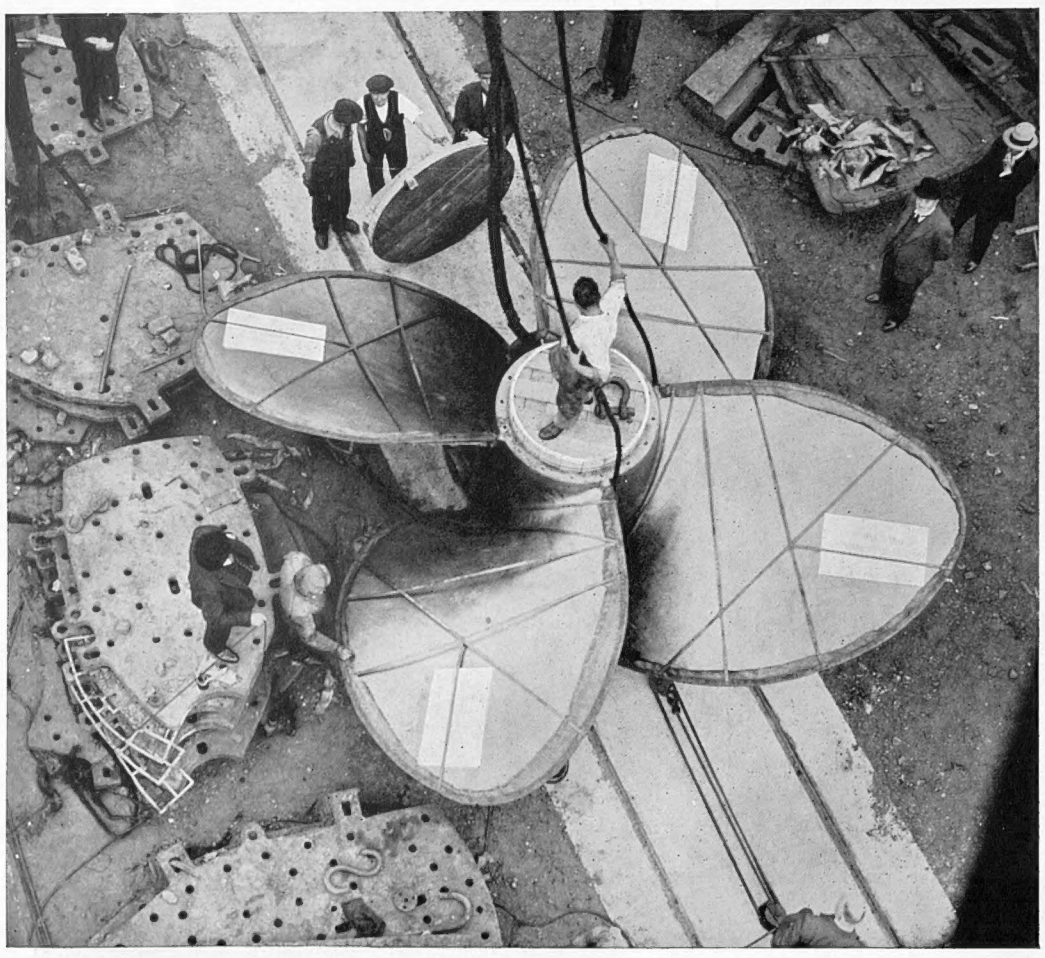
ONE OF THE MANY OFFICIAL FUNCTIONS DURING THE ROYAL VISIT TO EDINBURGH: The Queen inspecting members of the Scottish Branch of the Institute of District Nursing in the garden of the Palace of Holyroodhouse

HAPPENINGS

MEDIEVAL PAGEANTRY IN LIVERPOOL: The celebrations which are being held in the city this week in connection with the opening of the Mersey Tunnel by the King, began on Sunday when there was a procession to the Cathedral and seven lamps, symbolizing civic greatness, were lighted during a special service. In this picture the herald is handing to the Dean a petition expressing the purpose of "The Festival of the Seven Lamps"



BRITAIN'S CHALLENGER FOR THE BLUE RIBAND OF YACHTING: Portsmouth Dockyard where she is being made ready for he left is the temporary mast which will be used during th surprise last week when certain members of his crew wer



GARGANTUAN MARINE ENGINEERING: The first of the four great propellers for the new 70,000-ton Cunarder which was delivered at London Docks this week for shipment to the Clyde. It is made of manganese bronze, weighs over 33 tons and is valued at approximately £7,000

BOUND FOR A COOLER CLIME: These huskies, which have been kennelled at Hackbridge, Surrey, are now on their way to the South Pole with the British Graham Land Expedition

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FUNERAL of the DUTCH PRINCE CONSORT

And Other News of the Week

WHITE MOURNING: The hearse, which was painted white in accordance with the wishes of the deceased, carrying the coffin of Prince Henry of the Netherlands through the streets of The Hague. The funeral service took place later in the New Church at Delft and was attended by the Queen in a black gown and a white coat, and by Princess Juliana who was dressed entirely in white. Sir Hubert Montgomery, the British Minister, represented the King

A RAGING INFERNO: A view of the disastrous fire which recently caused £190,000 worth of damage and destroyed about two-thirds of Freiburg University, Germany. A number of Holbein paintings in the Chapel and some rare library books were saved

A VICTIM OF THE RIOTS: Placing an injured man on a stretcher after a street fight in San Francisco, where there has been trouble for the last two months as a result of a strike of dock workers who are demanding higher wages and shorter hours. This week the situation became even more serious, when a general strike was called and the business life of the city was completely disrupted. A shortage of food was reported

THE KING OPENS THE MERSEY TUNNEL

A general view of the immense crowd which assembled in Liverpool on Wednesday of this week to watch the King open the new £8,000,000 tunnel beneath the Mersey. His Majesty, who received a tremendous ovation, delivered a short speech, and then, by pressing a golden switch, caused the gold and green curtains before the entrance to be folded back. In the course of his address the King said :—" Who can reflect without awe that the will and power of men, which in our own time have created the noble bridges of the Thames, the Forth, the Hudson and Sydney Harbour, can drive also tunnels such as this, wherein many streams of wheeled traffic may run in light and safety below the depth and turbulence of a tidal water bearing the ships of the world? Such a task can only be achieved by the endeavours of a multitude. Hundreds have toiled here ; the work of many thousands, all over the country, has helped their toil. I thank all those whose effort has achieved this miracle.'

"ROUND THE MARBLE ARCH": The western end of Oxford Street, which formerly tailed off somewhat insignificantly, has been undergoing considerable development, so that to-day the Marble Arch is dwarfed by a series of giant buildings. On the left of this picture is the Regal Cinema, in the centre is the new Cumberland Hotel, and on the right is an immense block of flats now nearing completion

CHANGING LONDON

Aerial Views of Building Developments in Fulham and the West End

TOWERING ABOVE THE THAMES: Fulham's new power station which is now in course of construction in Townmead Road. The first section is expected to be complete by next summer, and the total cost of the scheme is estimated at over £5,000,000. Note the extensive housing estate in the foreground

Whitbread & Co., Ltd. Gilbert Cousland.

Good Fun, Good Fellowship and Good Fare.

June and Peter Haddon enjoying Supper and the Cabaret at Ciros.

COURT and SOCIETY

AN HISTORIC INCIDENT RECALLED: Mr. A. Houlson Craufurd and Mr. J. D. Houlson Craufurd who, with Mr. Reginald Fairlie (right), were in attendance at the Palace of Holyroodhouse last week to perform the service of "Washing the King's Hands." This ceremony dates from the time when their ancestor, Jock Houlson, saved the life of King James V at Gramond Bridge, and as a reward for his services was granted the lands of Braehead on condition that he and his successors should attend with ewer and basin upon the King

GENERAL SIR CECIL ROMER, K.C.B., K.B.E., inspecting staff officers during his visit to Sandhurst. He later inspected the cadets and presented a silver cup given by the Crown Prince of Japan to the champion company

THE COURT IN SCOTLAND: Mrs. James Ballantyne, Miss Gwyneth Ballantyne, and Mrs. Ramsay Dewar arriving at the Palace of Holyroodhouse to be presented at the Afternoon Drawing Room held by the King and Queen on Tuesday of last week

CARLETON—PAGET: The eleven bridesmaids in dresses of white embroidered organdie who attended Miss Winifred Paget on the occasion of her marriage to Mr. Guy Montgomery Carleton at Brompton Oratory last week. In the group are: Miss Anne, Miss Molly, and Miss Maisie Paget, Miss Anne Jephson, Miss Elizabeth Brooke, Miss Elizabeth Peyton, Miss Anita Leslie, Miss Edwina Moss, Miss Joan Eyres-Monsell, Miss Cynthia Darell, and Miss Alice de Monte de Roze

WEDDING BELLS IN WESTMINSTER: Mr. J. M. Goldman and the Hon. Margaret Thesiger, daughter of the late Viscount Chelmsford, leaving St. John's, Smith Square, after they had been married by the Bishop of Salisbury

MR. GUY MONTGOMERY CARLETON, son of Brigadier-General and Mrs. M. L. Carleton, and his bride, Miss Winifred Paget, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget, arriving for the reception at Ibstock Place, Roehampton, after their marriage. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a gown of white lace over moiré

DOPE:

The Enormous Profits made by Traffickers in Heroin and Other Narcotics — How the English Head of the Cairo Police is Coping with the Situation

By CHARLES GRAVES

FIGHTING THE DOPE TRAFFICKERS: Russell Pasha, Commandant of the Cairo Police, and Chief of the Central Narcotics Intelligence Bureau

ANY amount of rubbish has been written about the dope traffic in the past few years. Most of the authors of it have been either misinformed or going entirely on guesswork. Fortunately, the one man in the world who knows all about the dope racket is in London at the moment. His name is Russell Pasha. Commandant of the Cairo Police and Chief of the Central Narcotics Intelligence Bureau. If the truth be known, the real facts are much more sensational than any of the novels of Edgar Wallace.

Take the Annual Report of the Bureau for 1933. Here is a typical entry on page fifty. "After the fight with smugglers that took place in Central Sinai in which a policeman and a smuggler were killed and a policeman was wounded, there were no attempts to run hashish across the peninsula by means of camels for nineteen months. Captures were made from time to time in trucks and engines on the Palestine railways, and many solitary Arabs were caught walking across the desert with a few kilos of the drug concealed on their persons." But I will keep all that for a later article.

On right—DOWN AT HEEL: A shoe with a hollowed-out heel used by a smuggler for carrying dope

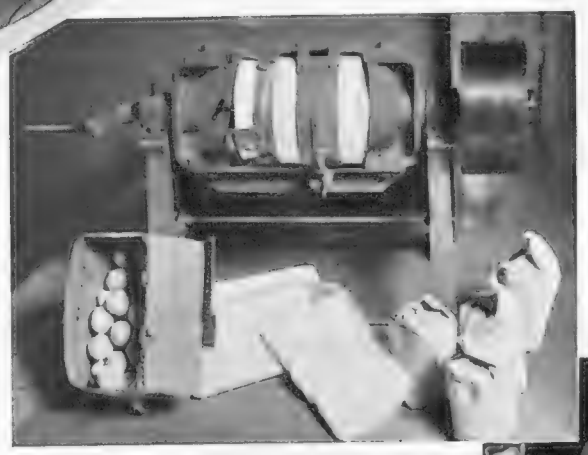
IT WAS in 1929 that the numbers of Egyptians taking drugs became so serious that Russell Pasha went to the Prime Minister of Egypt and told him bluntly that something would have to be done about it. Out of a total population of 14,000,000 people, no fewer than 500,000 were actually drug addicts, 50 per cent. being heroin addicts, and the rest opium and hashish takers. The effects of this drug addiction were exceedingly serious, and it looked as though Egypt as a nation was going to be completely demoralized. The Prime Minister agreed to Russell Pasha's suggestion that he should take the matter in hand in his official capacity and start up an investigation department. It was evident that it was no good just clipping the leaves of the poison tree. It was necessary to cut the root of it. It was known that the world's genuine medical requirements of heroin amount to $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons a year, and yet 15 to 20 tons a year were being produced by the world for the illicit trade.

Two quarries had to be chased, to change the metaphor. One was to catch up with the rascality and corruption rampant in the legitimate heroin factories of Switzerland, France, and other European countries. The other was to expose the illicit manufacture of the drug. That is where Geneva came in so usefully. Many people, including myself, have scoffed at the hopelessly optimistic and useless ideals of the League of Nations. In the case of the White Slave traffic, however, and still more in the dope racket, Geneva has proved invaluable. No nation likes to have its dirty linen washed in public, and year after year Russell Pasha has gone there telling the delegates of the various countries in public about the stain on their national character as shown by the existence inside their borders of these dope factories.

This proved so successful that Western Europe became far too hot for the dope manufacturers, and they had to find other fields. Some went to Turkey, whose national conscience had not yet been aroused on the subject and had signed no convention binding them to take steps about the dope traffic, and within three years the factories were turning out 13 tons of heroin a year. When they were exposed, however, at Geneva, the Ghezi stepped in and closed the factories. The result was that the factories were removed almost bodily to the foreign concessions in China. Here again the facts were exposed at Geneva, and the manufacturers made for Manchukuo. Meantime other dope gangs set up shop in Bulgaria. These two countries are to-day the centre of the traffic.

WHEN one realizes that it costs only £10 to make a kilo of heroin (the wholesale price for which is £500), and when you remember that there are 1,000 kilos to a ton, it is obvious how great the incentive is to make easy money in this way—especially as in many countries the punishment on conviction is only the matter of a fine of a few pounds and/or imprisonment for a few weeks.

When it comes to the price of retail dope, the figures become so fantastic that even Russell Pasha, though he prints the actual calculations officially in his report, hardly likes to mention them in conversation. The price inflation of an originally pure kilo of heroin after continued breaking up and adulteration reaches the astounding figure of £50,000 or more.



A CENTRE OF DOPE DISTRIBUTION: A machine for crushing narcotics and four packets of heroin which were discovered last month in a "laboratory" at St. Denis, Paris

Morphine is manufactured from the opium poppy; this is then treated with acetic-anhydride acid and produces heroin. This is a very important point, because this acid is used for only four things—aspirin, rayon silk, certain dye stuffs, and heroin. So when the American and English representatives were able to prove that the imports into Bulgaria had risen recently from 60 kilos to 6,000 kilos, they were saying a mouthful. For Bulgaria does not make either aspirin or rayon silk or any of those particular dyestuffs. It is a fact that the heroin factories increased from one to twelve within twenty-four months.

"BIG FINANCE is at the bottom, or rather the head, of the world's narcotic traffic," Russell Pasha told me. "With profits running into hundreds of thousands of pounds, the big contraband organizations are able to buy their way through many countries. Money must be fought with money, and it is useless for countries to still their consciences by saying that they have set up special narcotic bureaux unless they supply these bureaux with ample funds.

"There is also, in these days of restricted budgets, an unfortunate though natural disinclination, even among governments that are fighting the traffic, to spend money on exposing the traffic abroad unless they can prove to the satisfaction of their national treasuries that the money spent has prevented drugs entering their particular country. Many a chance comes our way of exposing some particular method of international traffic of contraband narcotics not necessarily destined for Egypt. Such information is passed on to those who ought to be interested. But they in their turn sometimes hesitate to spend the money necessary to follow up the information, unless they are sure that the goods are destined for themselves. I wish that one of the world's millionaires would give me or somebody else a few thousands to spend on these international cases, which are at present often treated as nobody's child when actually they are everybody's child.

"In 1932 the biggest organization for illicit traffic in white drugs that the world has ever seen was exposed and dispersed. With Paris as headquarters and branches in Hamburg, New York, Constantinople, and China, the Eliopoulos gang controlled the contraband morphine and heroin traffic of the world. Their two biggest markets were the United States and China, and millions of pounds of profits have passed through their hands. America was particularly interested in them because most gangsters and gunmen take dope before they go out to murder somebody. Indeed, Canadian police told me that the heads of these gangs dope their gunmen before sending them out on a job.

"IT WAS in March 1932 that there passed through Egypt a certain Voyatsis, who was the Tientsin representative of the Eliopoulos group. During his fortnight's stay in Alexandria before embarking for Greece, Voyatsis was the object of devoted attention on the part of the Central Narcotics Intelligence Bureau officers. They found access to certain documents in his possession which included the secret code used by the gang. The German authorities were thus able to decode a number of telegrams seized in Hamburg and Berlin, the contents of which until then had been a mystery.

"Incidentally, it was proved that this single agent of a single branch of the organization had remitted no less than £240,000, which was the net profit of six months' dope running in Tientsin. Apart from the complete map that we obtained of this world organization, we also got the finest illustrated example of the basic fact that international gangs like this can only exist owing to the lack of international co-operation of the world's preventive forces."

A GOVERNMENT MONOPOLY: Testing the purity of opium cakes in a Turkish State factory

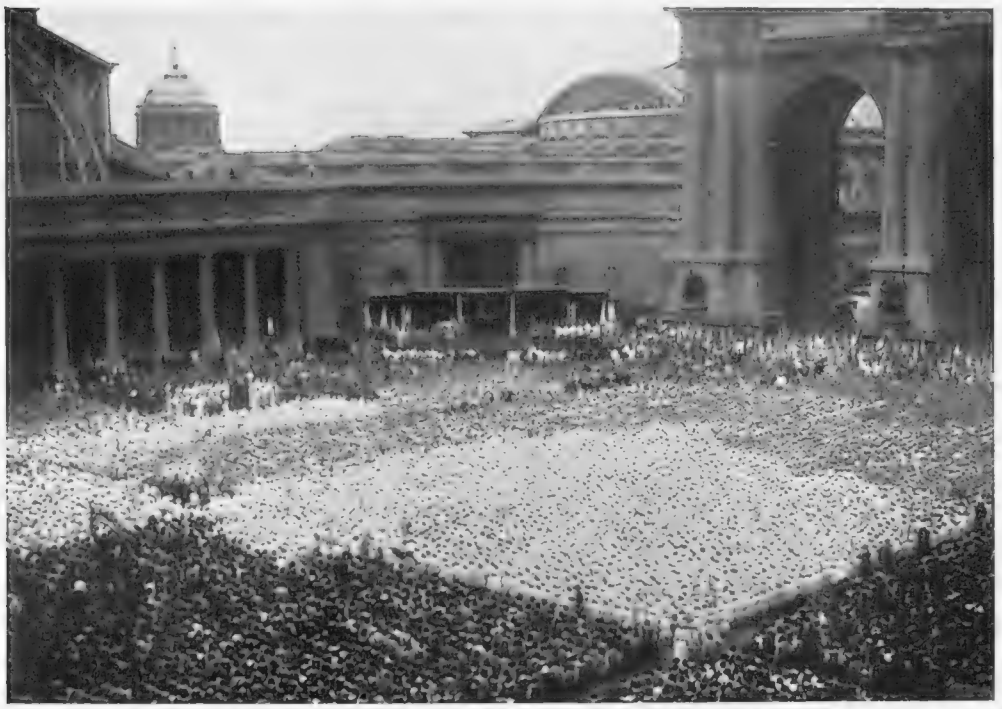
The big dope trafficker starts off with the advantage of having unlimited money at his disposal. He is not fool enough to correspond with his agents by letter. Instead, he conducts his business on the telephone and wireless. Often, indeed, he will take the night train from Paris to Berlin, or the Oriental Express from Constantinople to Paris. He will even cross the Atlantic for half-an-hour's conversation before coming back on the next boat. The records of the Eliopoulos gang show a continual movement of the chief agents between America, Turkey, Europe, and China. His next best insurance is the inefficiency and dissimilarity of the laws of many European countries in the majority of which the illicit export of drugs is not an extraditable offence.

The police, on the other hand, are handicapped in every possible way. When they get to a frontier they often have to hand over the chase to another pack. Perhaps the neighbouring Master is willing

(Continued on p. 124)

EVENTS | News from France, Italy, Belgium, Germany, and Holland | ABROAD

FRANCE'S UNIFORMED YOUTH: Members of the "Front Commun" marching to a demonstration in the Bois de Vincennes, Paris. This is only one of several semi-militaristic organizations which have recently sprung up in France and which are steadily growing in political importance



THE PRAYING MULTITUDE: Some of the 80,000 members of the National Women's Catholic Federation who attended open-air Mass in Brussels prior to the opening of their Congress. The service was conducted from the Arcade of the Cinquantenaire by Cardinal van Reoy

THE AGED PRESIDENT BIDS GOOD-BYE TO HIS ROYAL GUESTS: Marshal Hindenburg standing at the entrance of his home at Neudeck as the King and Queen of Siam departed after paying him a visit. On the right is his daughter-in-law

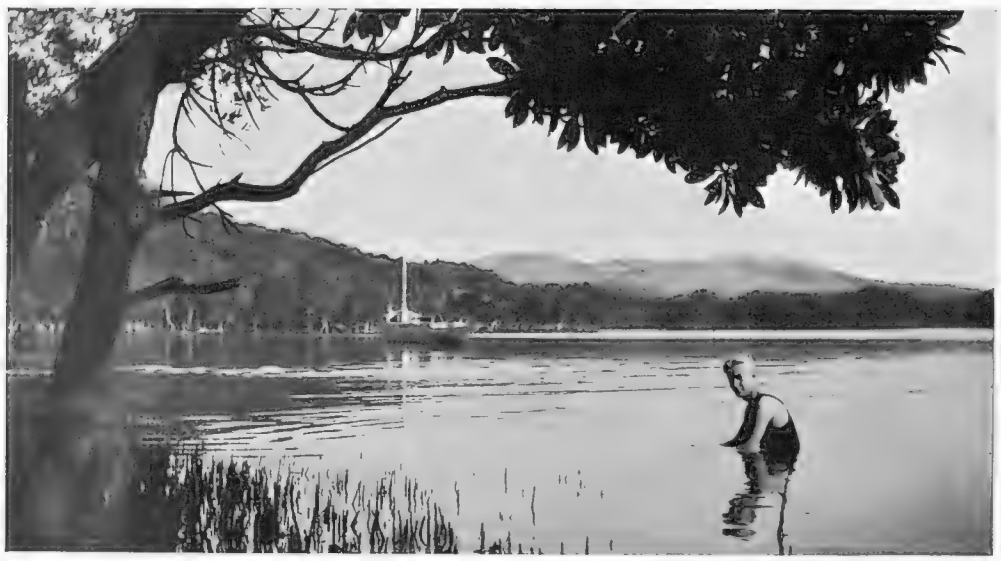
THE PRINCE OF PIEDMONT, heir to the Italian throne, accompanied by Fascist officials while making his inspection of the new hostel at Santa Severa which has been built in order to provide the children of working-class parents with holidays by the sea

TROUBLE IN HOLLAND: One of the armoured cars which had to be brought into action to aid the police in quelling the rioters in the Jordan district of Amsterdam. The trouble began on July 4 when Communists staged a demonstration in protest against a cut in the allowances to the unemployed. They destroyed hundreds of street lamps, and when an attempt was made to restore order they built barricades and hurled stones at the police. The rioting continued for several days

A SETTLER'S LIFE IN PON

FAR FROM MAYFAIR: The children of Mrs. Fred Clarke, a well-known member of London society, who has settled with her family in a remote but beautiful spot in the Port St. John's District of Pondoland, South Africa. While "The Sphere" receives many pictures of native life it is only rarely that it is able to illustrate such a series as this, depicting the every-day activities of white inhabitants

ON UMGAZANA son about to Ocean. The



AFTER THE DAY'S WORK

Enjoying a bathe in the Umgazi River near Port St. John's

ON THE WAY TO PORT ST. JOHN'S ON A SHOPPING EXPEDITION: Mrs. Clarke driving her car on to the ferry which crosses the Umzumvubu River. During the rainy season, when the river is a rushing torrent and almost twice its normal width, the ferry is taken farther up stream and moored at a spot where it is in less danger of being swept away

A GREAT MANY MILES FROM ANYWHERE

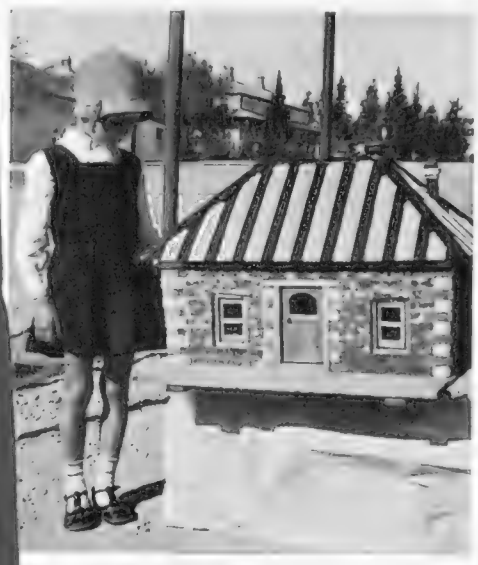
A party of settlers on their way to a picnic by ox-sleigh

AFTER THE MORNING BATHE: Gymnastic exercises on Umgazana beach

DOLAND

BEACH: Mrs. Clarke's youngest take his first dip in the Indian bathing there is magnificent

GATHERING HAREBELLS ON THE CLIFFS NEAR PORT ST. JOHN'S: The scenery is as beautiful as any in South Africa, and the climate is ideal. There is a fair number of white settlers in the district, many of whom are successfully engaged in cotton growing



RAPT ADMIRATION: A daughter of Mrs. Clarke examining a doll's house made by a native house-boy. The bricks were moulded in a match box and the roof was made of corrugated cardboard. For his work the young man received a prize at the first Arts and Crafts competition ever held in Pondoland

If you want fresh fish in Pondoland you must get it yourself

THE ONLY WAY

W THE DAY IS OVER": Prayers before bed at the Clarke home at Usimbini

Two white teachers having lunch beside their wagon during a fortnight's holiday tour of the country

HOW THEY TAKE THEIR HOLIDAYS

AT THE CROSS-ROADS OF THE PACIFIC: One of the famous beaches of Hawaii—the one outpost of Empire that America will never give up

Uncle Sam Prepares to Scrap His Empire

When the Stars and Stripes will Fly no More Over Haiti and the Philippines

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE DATE of Philippine independence has been ticked off on the calendar, and the United States have arranged to withdraw from the black Republic of Haiti before 1936—it is anticipated that President Roosevelt will do so considerably earlier.

This news may not vastly excite. I confess that when I heard it thus baldly put at a recent luncheon abroad, it didn't rouse me either. Haiti, Philippines, Nicaragua, Panama, Cuba, Salvador . . . one seemed to have heard such a lot of them, and to spare. It was only when our haranguer, a young American direct in from a command appearance at the White House, looked round and observed: "I don't know whether you guys understand what this means. It means quite a lot. It means that we Americans have thrown in our hand on the imperialistic game. That we're going to be content in the future to live within our own borders and stop splashing the Stars and Stripes where they're not welcome. We're even going to do a little contracting. In fact we've already begun to . . ." It was only, I say, when the speaker got that off his chest that attention was mobilized. One roused luncher mobilized sufficiently to cry, "Another end of an epoch!" At which the young man on his feet swerved round and nodded, "You've said it!"

It is so. After thirty-five years, another chapter is about to close in short, swift-moving American history. And inexplicably enough, the circumstance, not the least important repercussion of the New Deal, seems to have so far escaped notice on this side. The "manifest destiny," once hymned by a McKinley, for America to spread herself east and west, south and north, for her to poke her nose in everywhere in adjacent territories and their affairs, for her to seek to rule these foreign places by "dollar diplomacy," has been found wholly wanting as a national policy and is being almost zestfully scrapped. And in the fevered maze of the news we hear nothing about it. A trunk is found in a trunk and the headlines swell; the American Eagle draws in his (not at all bloody) claws and it isn't even in "the rest of the news."

IN 150 years, American expansion has filled the picture through two lengthy and well-defined periods. The fifty or sixty years from the purchase of Louisiana from Napoleon down to the similar purchase of Alaska from the Czar in 1867; and the thirty or forty years from the grabbing of the Sandwich Islands in 1893 down to a year or two ago, when symptoms of "contractitis" first showed themselves under Mr. Hoover. We now seem to be in for another pause such as that between the 'sixties and the 'nineties. A pause during which the Americans require all their attention for their own house, as in the wake of the Civil War and of the wild, woolly and super-fecund settling of the Far West that preceded it.

When, in 1867, a vast continental territory linking the two oceans had been finally carved out—Florida from Spain, half of Mexico taken over, the North-West falling to the pioneer, finally Alaska—Americans paused for a whole generation. Their destined map seemed drawn. A smattering of Indians and Mexicans still to mop up. As for adventure and the pursuit of the dollar, was not there Greeley's famous "Go west, young man, go west" to act upon?

One morning in the 'nineties it all changed. Was it some subtle influence of Kipling, then imperialling at top note? Whatever the bug, there was seen for the first of a long succession of times an American Minister reporting on the imminence of a local revolution and ushering in his own replacement candidate as preventive measure. That was in the Sandwich Isles, and not long after, Hawaii was annexed as part of manifest destiny. And after that came the crusade to liberate oppressed Cuba, following a close shave with ourselves over Venezuela. Hearst and Pulitzer and Roosevelt made of the war with poor, decrepit Colonial Spain a right swashbuckling, fresh and joyous sally, the result of which was that "the Pearl of the Antilles" passed under U.S. tutelage and Porto Rico passed over permanently. Old Glory was beginning to wave outside the Continent. It wasn't half over yet. The Philippines weren't annexed in as many words but there was small thought at the time ever of having to give them up. America was "conferring the blessings of civilization." Moreover, "the flag will never come down where once it has been raised." The distant base of Guam became permanent property, as did other small islands and gulfs here and there, and some years later a treaty with ourselves and Germany gave Samoa to Uncle Sam.

Yet the real dream remained unrealized. This jingo land of Teddy's coveted Central America, for itself, and also to enable an ocean-to-ocean waterway to be constructed. Some day (pursued that dream) all this tropical country would act as bridge for the "extension of American influence" to all South America . . .

An American-fomented revolt in vital Colombia lead to the creation of the Panama Republic and to the acquisition in perpetuity of the Canal Zone. For the next twenty years—until just the other day—U.S. penetration into the five Central American republics did not cease. Washington even stretched things to the extent of establishing a Central American Court of Justice which eventually died because Washington refused to abide by the decisions emanating from its own organism! From 1907 to 1927 interventions of some kind or another,

A STREET MARKET IN THE VIRGIN ISLANDS: The United States purchased this West Indian group of islands from Denmark in 1917 for the sum of 25,000,000 dollars

military, financial, diplomatic, fell thick one upon the other, in Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, the Dominican Republic. Perhaps the dance attained its height in the early 'twenties. I recollect reporting a Pan-American Congress in Washington which took the form of Uncle Sam positively throwing his arms round his Central and Southern friends, while a day or two later I stood beneath President Harding in Central Park when that master of English stumblingly read a pæan of praise of Simon Bolivar. The whole Hemisphere would one day unite in brotherly (and paying) love. It was the time when the dollar ruled the world. Nothing could stop the sway of that coin. Such was the big idea then. Even possessions could be bought outright—such as the Virgin Islands—although repeated feelers that we and the French should make over Caribbean islands in lieu of war debts encountered quite proud silence over here.

Nevertheless, in its heyday U.S. "imperialism" had a record amount of speedily-contrived expansion to exhibit. If they were not formally annexed, in all the places I have mentioned Washington ran the show; the inevitable would follow in due course later. The local U.S. Minister was widely recognized as the real ruler. At a gesture from the White House, governments rose and fell. Elections were conducted under American ægis. The armed forces—the Marines in Nicaragua, the Navy in Haiti—intervened just when indicated. The control exercised by Wall Street and the American banking interests was supreme. Never had wealth been so flaunted and flung about for the seduction of others with whom there was total absence of kinship or similarity of race. American investments rose 600 per cent. in Cuba, 6,000 per cent. in Colombia, In the burst of expansion, the United States acquired 325,000 additional square miles, either annexed, protected, or completely controlled.

YET, had they had eyes and desire to see in Harding-Coolidge-Hoover days, our cousinly friends must have taken heed of a steadily rising surge of repugnance and revolt throughout Latin America. Proud old races from Guatemala down to Buenos Aires and beyond swore that their culture should not be bought and obliterated by the Yankee dollar. It was just the time that Tschiffely was making his famous ride, and he tells of the pent-up hostility. Then Latin America went bankrupt, one republic after the other, and American investors found not only that all their money was lost but that the U.S. were entirely unpopular into the bargain. That was the awakening around 1930–1, but it took another couple of years before the country generally came to realize, under Roosevelt influence, that this whole business of seeking to coerce others with the dollar was all wrong, led nowhere, and far from bringing an increase in markets, as was the fond hope, exercised an exactly contrary effect. The Americans are not packing up out of any altruistic urge. To read some of the New Deal literature one might be led to believe that this were so. In a celebrated "good neighbour" speech that marked a milestone, Mr. Roosevelt undertook that there would be no more interventions by the U.S.A. alone. "It becomes the joint concern of a whole continent in which we are all neighbours.' Moreover, such neighbours

(*Continued on p. 124*)

IN THE PHILIPPINES: A scene in a copra yard at San Pablo. Here the coco-nuts are split up and left to dry in the sun. The oil, which is afterwards extracted, is used in making soap and candles

Germany's Miniature Navy

THE FIRST GERMAN NAVAL VISIT TO BRITAIN SINCE THE WAR: The 6,000-ton cruiser *Königsberg* arriving at Portsmouth where, with the *Leipzig*, she recently made a stay of four days. She was completed in 1929 and at the time created a sensation on account of the novelty of her design and of the surprisingly heavy armament she carried in spite of her limited tonnage. Several hundred tons of hull weight was saved in her construction by the employment of specially light electrically-welded steel. Note the extraordinary size of the range finders. *Circle above*—Some of the visiting German sailors going aboard Nelson's *Victory* on a tour of inspection

THE LATEST OF HER KIND: An aerial view of the *Leipzig* steaming down the Channel en route for Portsmouth. She has all the weight-saving features of the *Königsberg*, a speed of 32 knots, and a broadside of nine 6-in. guns. She has more torpedo tubes and one more 6-in. gun than the 7,000-ton British ships of the *Leander* type, but the strictly limited accommodation for her crew would be regarded as quite inadequate in this country. The novel design of her gun turrets is a particularly interesting feature. *Inset above*—Admiral Sir John Kelly, C.-in-C. at Portsmouth (extreme left), inspecting a guard of honour during his visit to the *Königsberg*

Art of the Nineteenth Century

Courtesy of the Ackermann Galleries owners of the picture

ADMIRED FOR OVER A CENTURY: Waterloo Bridge as John Anderson, the Coventry landscape painter, saw it in 1858. This was one of the first works he exhibited at the Academy. Ever since it was built Rennie's masterpiece has been the subject of general admiration, and to-day lovers of the artistic all over the world are regretting that it is being demolished

SHURLEY FAMILY MONUMENTS IN ISFIELD CHURCH, SUSSEX: A painting by Joseph Nash which appears in the Exhibition at Walker's Galleries of the works of the Early English water-colour painters. The canopied tomb is that of Sir John Shurley, who died in 1631, and below it are the kneeling effigies of his nine children, "some of whom," the inscription runs, "were called into Heaven and the others into several marriages of good quality"

THE RETAINER'S GALLERY AT KNOLE PARK, SEVENOAKS: A water-colour by Samuel Rayner which is now on exhibition at Walker's Galleries. This artist specialized in painting the interiors of abbeys, churches, and old mansions

The Early English Water-Colourists

STUDENTS OF ART will be particularly interested in the exhibition of the works of the Early English water-colour paintesr which is now taking place at Walker's Galleries, 118, New Bond Street. Here it is possible to trace the evolution of this type of painting from its somewhat primitive beginnings to the fuller expression by which it is characterized to-day.

The three pictures by Joseph Nash, William Callow, and Samuel Rayner, which are reproduced here, are all very similar in character and were the work of men who were contemporaries.

Nash (1809–1878) first came into prominence with his picturesque views of late Gothic buildings; Callow was also interested in old buildings, many of which he painted during his sojourn on the Continent; while Rayner, the least well known of the three, specialized in interiors of churches and old mansions.

He had a somewhat unfortunate career, and in 1851 was expelled from the Society of Painters in Water Colours for being involved in a charge of fraud. All his five daughters became professional artists, and the eldest was elected an associate of the Water-Colour Society in 1850.

THE ART OF WILLIAM CALLOW: This picture, the title of which is not known, is also being shown at the exhibition of the works of the early water-colour painters. Callow, who spent much of his life on the Continent, was at one period Professor of Drawing to the children of King Louis Philippe

L'ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE

The Famous Institution, which Safeguards the Purity of the French Language, Enters the 300th Year of its Existence

THE SAGE OF FERNEY: The statue of François Voltaire by Pigalle which stands in one of the salons of the Académie Française. Voltaire's election to the Academy, which took place about 1745, was largely brought about through the influence of Madame de Pompadour

A TREASURED RELIC: A copper globe of the heavens made in 1616 by Johannes L'Heste of Nancy, the famous mathematician, and now preserved at the Academy

ONE OF THE ACADEMY'S MANY HISTORICAL POSSESSIONS: The chair in which Henry IV, King of France and Navarre, was placed after he had been mortally wounded on May 14, 1610, by the Jesuit fanatic Ravaillac. The tragedy occurred the day after the coronation of his wife, Mary de Medici

IN THE INNER COURT OF THE ACADEMY: A picturesque old well and its beautifully wrought superstructure. *Left*—A document, signed by Cardinal Richelieu, relating to the functions of the Academy which, through his influence, was placed under Royal patronage and authority in 1635

L'ACADÉMIE FRANÇ

JEAN DE LA FONTAINE

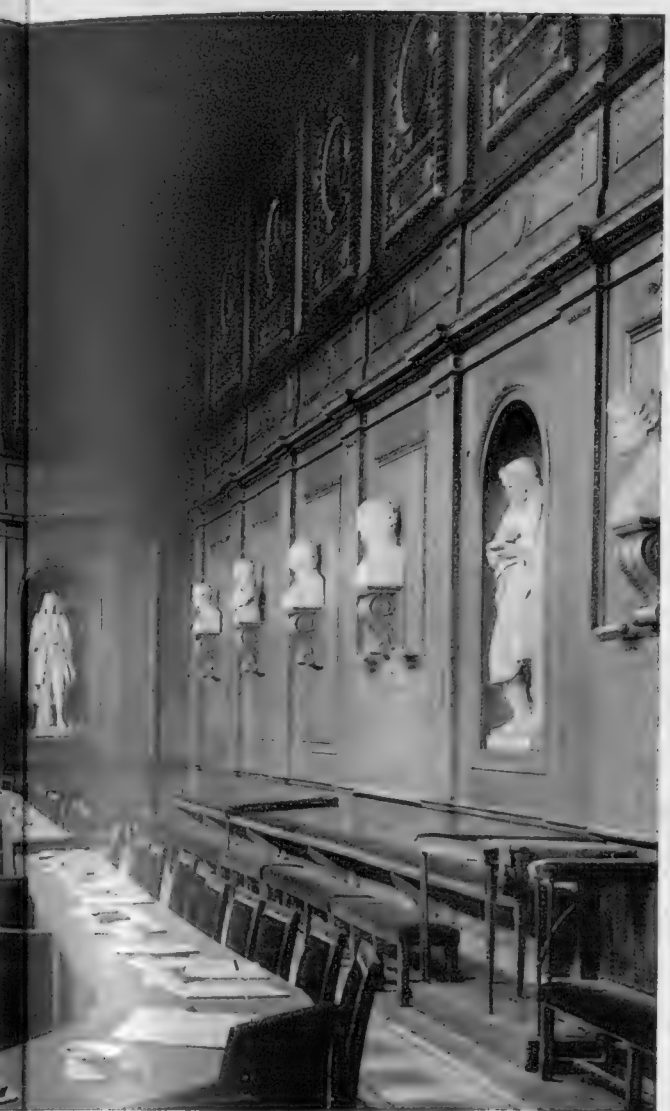
A statue of the brilliant writer of fables who was elected to the Academy in 1684. Among his fellow members were Boileau and Racine, the satirists, and Corneille, the dramatist

THE MAIN MEETING HALL with its walls surrounded with busts and statues of literary ge Louis XIII, at the instigation of Cardinal Richelieu, granted it letters patent. It was agree at forty, and that the principal object should be to give certain rules to the French language a mouths of the common people, from the jargon of the lawyers, from the misusage

WHERE THE FORTY "IMMORTALS" FORGATHER: It is here that the members meet to discuss the literary questions of the day, and where decisions are made regarding the awarding of various prizes

Left—A GIFT F which is now Academy in 1807 wh

CAISE Enters the 300th Year of its Existence



...ary geniuses. The Academy officially came into being in 1635 when ...s agreed from the first that the number of members should be fixed ...guage and to "cleanse it from the impurities it had contracted in the ...susages of ignorant courtiers, and the abuses of the pulpit"

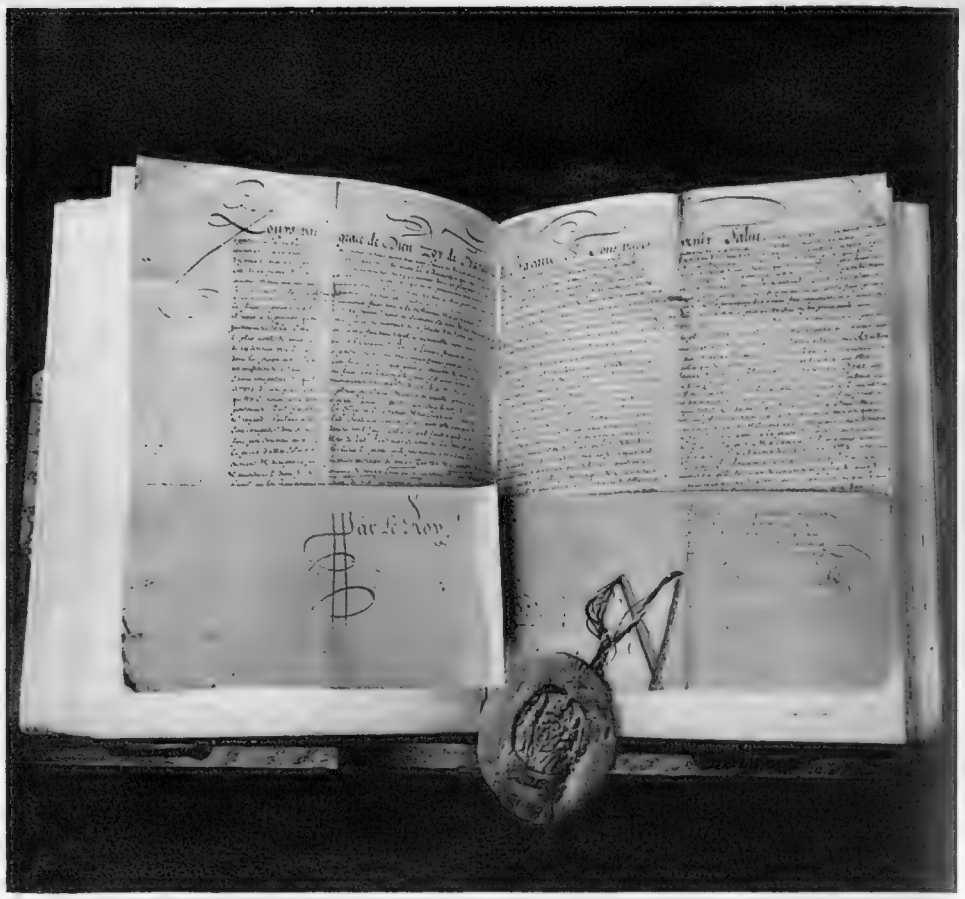
ACADEMIC SOMNOLENCE

This member arrived too early for a meeting and was seen by the photographer soundly sleeping on one of the chairs

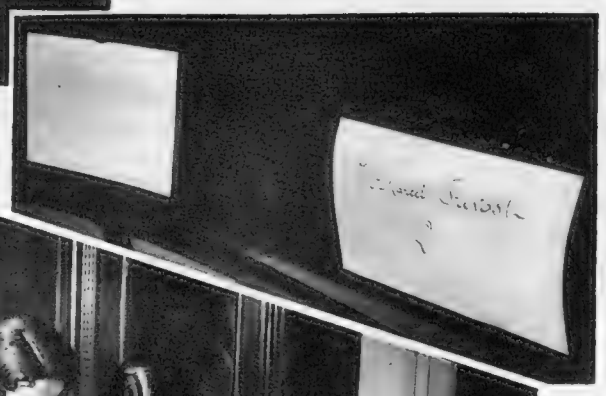
GIFT FROM THE FIRST CONSUL: This table, now in the library, was presented to the Institute in 1807 by Napoleon. *Above*—A general meeting which non-members may attend

A CORNER OF THE LIBRARY: This is magnificently equipped with reference and other works, and at varying periods has been added to by large bequests. On his death the Duc d'Aumale left it his valuable collection at Chantilly

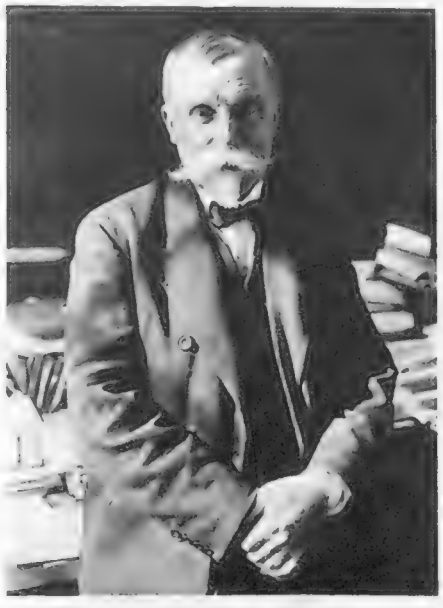
GIRODET DE ROUSSY: Dusting the bust of the distinguished painter, which stands in one of the ante-rooms. As an artist his work reached a very high standard but, according to one critic, "his literary compositions were deplorable"



THE SIGNATURE OF LOUIS XIII at the foot of the document granting the Academy Royal patronage and protection. *Left*—Tickets which are placed on the seats in the meeting room to show newly elected Academicians where they are to sit



THE GENERAL SECRETARIAT: Where the Academy's correspondence and other business matters are dealt with



M. ROBERT REGNIER: The General Secretary

ACADEMY PERSONALITIES

THE LIBRARIAN: M. Henri Deherain, the distinguished historian

L'ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE

Three Centuries of Service to French Literature

NEXT YEAR the French Academy will reach its 300th anniversary, and the event is to be appropriately celebrated. This famous institution, which has no counterpart in English life, came into being in a curious way. Cardinal Richelieu, hearing that a certain literary society was in the habit of holding secret discussions in the house of the King's secretary, suggested that it should be placed under royal patronage and protection. The majority of the members, evidently preferring the advantages of privacy, were unwilling, but, fearing the wrath of the Cardinal-Statesman, they quickly agreed. Letters patent were immediately granted by Louis XIII, and, in the statutes which were subsequently drawn up, the newly-formed Academy declared that its main object was to purify the language.

In 1639 work on a dictionary of the French language was begun, and two committees were appointed to decide which words and phrases were worthy of inclusion and which were not. The first edition of this great work appeared in 1694, and five more editions were published during the following 150 years.

IN 1793 the original Academy vanished with the revolution, and when it was later revived it became the chief of the five academies of the Institute of France, the others being devoted to ancient history, fine arts, moral and political science, and physical and mathematical science. Since then there have been few changes of major importance.

During its long history the Academy has had many admirers and many detractors. Matthew Arnold wrote of it in glowing terms, saying that it was a rallying point for educated opinion, and attributing to it in great measure "that thoroughness, that openness of mind, that absence of vulgarity in French literature." The lack of a similar institution in England, he said, was responsible for the eccentricity, coarseness, and provincial spirit of our writers.

While Arnold may have been a trifle over-enthusiastic, there is no doubt that the Academy was, and still is, deserving of high praise for its services to literature. It has set a standard, and those who have lived up to it have done so with advantage.

ISLAND BIRD SANCTUARIES

DELEGATES TO THE ROYAL CONGRESS OF ORNITHOLOGISTS, one of whom was ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, left Pembroke Dock on July 7 in two destroyers placed at their disposal by the British Government and paid visits to the island bird sanctuaries off the coast of Wales. This view was taken on Skokholm Island, which is inhabited by dense colonies of sea-birds. *Right*—The party of ornithologists landing on the island of Skomer near St. Bride's Bay

IN A GARDEN OF THE DEEP: A remarkable submarine flashlight picture of a Segarita taken in deep water off the coast of Florida. Although it resembles an exotic tropical plant, its beauty is a trap, for each of its delicate tentacles is actually a poisonous barb that seizes and stings to death any small sea creature that may have the misfortune to come within its reach. It is sometimes called the "Widow Anemone"

FLOATING CONTENTMENT: The seal breaks the surface of the water. In the sea he is a graceful creature, on land his movements are "jerky" and inclined to be mirth provoking

SHRINKING OF THE THAMES: An Index of the Drought Conditions

QUEUEING UP FOR THEIR DAILY RATION: Owing to the drying up of many of the wells at Horsham, Sussex, the Rural District Council is delivering water by lorry. It is free to ratepayers, and when the lorry arrives in each village the man in charge rings a bell and the residents come out carrying buckets and tubs

A view of the reservoir at Tring, Hertfordshire. In normal times the water reaches the top of the embankment

AFTER TWO RAINLESS SUMMERS

WHERE THE NATIONAL WATER SHORTAGE IS APPARENT TO THE EYE: This picture, taken at Teddington, shows how the flow over the weir has been stopped in order to conserve as much water as possible for domestic use. It is now let out at only one controlled point

DEFYING THE DROUGHT: The scene in a market garden lack of rain was threatening the destruction of 100,000 now keeps twenty-five men constantly employed in from a stream over a

After several warning notes from the Ministry of Health as to the necessity for economy in the use of water owing to the long-sustained drought, there was published on Friday of last week a report by the Ministry as a result of enquiries sent out to 440 towns. This report is much more optimistic than anything previously issued. Out of this number of towns, none of which exceed 20,000 inhabitants, 414 reported no serious shortage, only twenty-one reported definite trouble. Out of 290 rural district councils seventy-nine reported serious shortage in some parts of their district. The nature of this report was distinctly unexpected. In spite of this, however, the sight of shrunken reservoirs is very common and not a little disturbing.

There has been a certain amount of rainfall, but in view of the tremendous evaporation through the torrid heat the situation cannot materially have altered.

Lord Desborough, at a meeting of the Thames Conservancy, stated that the average flow of the river over Teddington weir

ONLY 275,000,000 GALLONS PASSED THIS WAY IN JUNE: Another view at Teddington showing the part of the weir where the water is still allowed to flow. In a normal summer month the flow should be well over 800,000,000 gallons. Lord Desborough says the drought in London is rather more serious than it was in 1921

at Cheshunt, Herts, where the young cabbage plants. The owner watering them with water carted mile away

was only 275,000,000 gallons during June, compared with an average, or standard flow, of 819,000,000, and the effect is obvious to anyone at Barnes, where one can walk across the river at low tide and only be immersed up to the waist. Lord Desborough states that we are rather worse off than we were during the drought of 1921. "All the forty-seven weirs," he says, "have now been rendered water-tight." It must be remembered, however, that water is wanted in the lower Thames, otherwise you get dirty water oscillating with the tides with nothing to push it out.

THE DROUGHT IN YORKSHIRE

Members of Halifax Council walking on the bed of the town's largest reservoir. To-day it contains 90,000,000 gallons as against its normal capacity of 650,000,000 gallons

PLAYS AND

Novelty of the "Ballets that is Not Funny : ing Fare at the Mercury

Reviewed

YOUTHFUL CRITICS: The Galleryites in the theatre scene in *Road House*, the new film which Maurice Elvey is making at the Gaumont British Studios. It is based on the play of the same name

A GENTLEMAN called Honegger made a symphonic poem out of a locomotor engine by means of music which suggests rather locomotor ataxy. To make a ballet out of a railway is a more difficult business, for one has to convert dancers into sleepers.

This is actually done in one scene of *Union Pacific*, the first novelty of the Ballets Russes, whose season at Covent Garden from strength to strength goes on. I thought it rather a waste of good material. There are many young women on the stage who would be useful only as sleepers—and I use the word in its engineering and least invidious sense.

But to see gloriously lithe and graceful creatures with names ending in -ova or -inska being carried on like mummies and placed, stiff and inert, across a railway track was most tantalizing. Fortunately they did other things in *Union Pacific*, which is placed in the Wild West of America and in the long ago and seems at first, with its cowboys and sheriffs, to be a nightmare version of Puccini's *The Girl of the Golden West* with the singing left out and fierce cacophony substituted for the sweet and voluptuous strains of Puccini.

Realism is demanded from this story of rival gangs of railway workers who squabble and stab and make love to each other's girl and cause a Russian Stiggins to hold up his black-gloved hands in holy horror. M. Nabokoff's music supplies it, for half of it is the fierce mechanical rhythm we first found in *Pas d'Acier* and the other half American popular tunes of the 'sixties. The "grand finale" is pantomimic and amusing—preposterous engines slowly meeting, loaded with preposterous railway directors in preposterous top-hats, to be photographed by an antediluvian camera.

The very best moment of all, however, had come just before that, in a saloon scene during which M. Massine executed what is likely to be remembered as the most brilliantly comic dance of this generation. As a bar-tender, who suddenly joins in the fun, he becomes partly Grock, partly Charlie Chaplin, partly Petrouchka, and wholly *macabre*. A touch, in fact, of the bar sinister.

Union Pacific is a jolly affair and a most emphatic success, though doubtless some of the local critics are pronouncing it crude, for they are nice refined lads. *Petrouchka* and *The Three-Cornered Hat* remain the best of the old favourites. Mlle Toumanova has been dancing in both with all the vigour of youth (she is one of the sixteen-year-olds) and a bit to spare. She is a technically perfect dancer and as keen as mustard, but she must learn the virtues of restraint and to convey that she possesses some reserve force. Her intensity now suggests the enthusiasm of Mr. Vincent Crummles who, it will be remembered, on a certain occasion died *at* the London manager. Mlle Danilova and Mlle Riabouchinska, whose grace and sense of childlike comedy in *Jeux d'Enfants* are superb, have learned the secret of the perfect dancing which seems effortless.

THE FILM VERSION OF "ROAD HOUSE" IN THE MAKING: Violet Lorraine Keep Turning" while the director, Maurice

A DRAMA OF MEDICAL LIFE: Two scenes from *Men in White*, the play by Sidney Kingsley which is now running at the Lyric. *Left*—Dr. Ferguson (Robert Douglas) and the young nurse (Joan Marion) with whom he falls in love and whose downfall he causes. *Right*—Dr. Ferguson and his fiancée (Jill Esmond) in the operating theatre. While an operation is in progress she touches him with bare hands—an unforgivable medical crime

"Elizabeth Sleeps Out."— I found it difficult to avoid sleeping through *Elizabeth Sleeps Out*, at the Whitehall, and by some superhuman effort of conscientiousness to remain awake every moment and alive to all the dreadful possibilities of a farce that is not funny.

This piece was founded, it seems, on a play produced six years ago and entitled *Tell Me the Truth*, which I surely must have seen but, by some merciful dispensation of Providence, have completely forgotten. It can only be hoped that *Elizabeth Sleeps Out* will not continue in the paths of immortality and, after a decent burial, be exhumed six years hence under another name.

The funereal simile is apt, since early in the play appeared three elderly ladies in deep mourning, and one of the principal characters impersonated an undertaker's assistant. There were skyscrapers on the back-cloth and talk of New York, but the undertaker was not referred to as a "mortician." The "assistant" fell in love with a blonde and turned out to be a millionaire. Another young man had to pretend to be very drunk all the time, and together they bound and gagged the family solicitor.

There was lots more like that. The author, Mr. Leslie Howard, should have realized that not one second of it came within a hundred miles of being funny before one could say Will Shakespeare (the last part, by the way, he played in London).

Mr. George K. Arthur has a good reputation as a film comedian, but he did not enhance it by his performance as the young millionaire. I began to count the number of times he put his hands into his pockets and took them out again until I found that this, like counting sheep when one is in bed, had a soporific effect and imperilled my determination to see as much of the play as possible. Mr. Billy Leonard, on the other hand, did his best to make this tedious nonsense tolerable and, so far as his own part was concerned, he succeeded. To be a drunken buffoon through three acts without arousing murderous tendencies in the audience was a feat in itself; to make that audience sympathetic and amused was something like a miracle. Here is a comedian whose high spirits are irresistible and who knows all the tricks of his job as well as how to play them in difficult circumstances.

Miss Helen Haye showed that she could lapse into broad farce, though it was odd to see this speaker of icy epigrams, this aristocrat of stage aristocrats, flopping about in moods of befuddled

FILMS OF THE MOMENT

Russes" : "Elizabeth Sleeps Out"—A Farce "Charlotte's Progress"—Light, Witty, and Entertain- : Historical Inaccuracies in "Madame Dubarry"

by Philip Page

sings her principal song "Let the World Elvey, looks on

amorousness. Miss Maisie Darrall was very earnest and pretty. The waste of Mr. Frank Cellier was almost a tragedy.

"Charlotte's Progress." — London was charmed a good many years ago by the "Anatol" dialogues of Schnitzler, translated, if I remember rightly, by Mr. Granville Barker. Mr. Ashley Dukes hadthis model in mind, probably, when he wrote *Charlotte's Progress*, a play with an attractively near-Hogarthiantitle, but leagues removed from the spirit of Hogarth. It is light, witty, entertaining, and thoroughly suitable fare for the intimate Mercury Theatre.

The method has been to show a young woman named Charlotte in various circumstances with various men, a different man for each act. She fools a middle-aged man who is fond of yachting, flirts in an Alpine hut, stumbles on suspected murder in a Chelsea studio, and altogether has an exciting time of it. Charlotte herself is not very exciting, though Miss Joan White plays the part well; she is inclined, indeed, to be irritating, and the author never quite allows us to discover whether we should admire her or want to give her a good hiding. But the dialogue never flags and if this is, dramatically speaking, a light meal, a sort of "fork luncheon," the food is of the best quality and exquisitely served.

The Mercury Theatre in its unpretentious way has been doing first-class work for some time. It recently concluded a long ballet season which not only employed some of the best of our English dancers but, wondrous to relate, paid its way.

"Madame Dubarry." — American film-producers seem to take a sadistic pleasure in getting historical details as inaccurate as possible. That is paying them a compliment in that it indicates that they could get them right if they wished, which is more than doubtful. And if there is one epoch in history upon which they pour mistakes from their vast cornucopia of muddled knowledge, it is eighteenth-century France immediately before the Revolution.

Theatrical producers are not exempt by any means. A play has only to include Louis XV for events to be distorted and costumes to be wrong, from the cut of the coats to the wigs which the late Hugo Rumbold, who was both an authority and a wit, used to describe as being of the "early poodle period."

All of these lapses and more are to be found in *Madame Dubarry*, the film at the Carlton Theatre. Money has been lavished upon it and there is some very pretty photography. But it is as distant from Versailles as *The Private Life of Henry VIII* was from all that the Tudor kings and their environment stood for. Those who liked the Henry VIII film will probably like this, though it is not so funny.

Why Miss Dolores del Rio was engaged to play the Dubarry, which is not her line of country at all, I cannot imagine. Displayed on the walls of the theatre is the announcement that Miss del Rio will set all London talking. She certainly should.

"Twentieth Century." — *Twentieth Century* at the Plaza is very much better. This

A FIVE-FIGURE SALARY: Katharine Hepburn, whose next film will be *The Little Minister*, has just signed a new contract with Radio Pictures. She is to make six pictures during the next two years, and her earnings will be £60,000

is the type of film at which Hollywood excels, for Hollywood understands what it calls "back-stage" life. It has had time to learn, for it is with this topic that about 70 per cent. of its films are concerned. I have sometimes wondered why plays dealing with the stage have almost invariably failed—the number of successes over many years is very small indeed—and why films on the same subject are welcomed eagerly by the score.

Twentieth Century is funny, well-written, and a good entertainment for sophisticated and unsophisticated alike. Mr. John Barrymore is here shown as a bullying impresario and not as a figure of romance. But he bullies amusingly, and his leading lady, Miss Carole Lombard, is not only blondely beautiful, but can act. A film to be seen.

On left—MASTERS OF LIGHT COMEDY: Seymour Hicks and Bromley Davenport who provide first-class entertainment in *Vintage Wine* at Dalys

A KOMISARJEVSKY PRODUCTION: Two episodes from *The Maitlands*, the late Ronald Mackenzie's play at Wyndham's. *Right*—Mrs. Roger Maitland, played by Joan Marion who is also in the caste at the Lyric, and her husband (John Gielgud) engaged in a "domestic row." *Left*—THE TWO BROTHERS: Roger Maitland (John Gielgud), the schoolmaster, tells John Maitland (Jack Hawkins) that his wife has left him

CAME
AT
Where the
Gun

A scene outside the Bisley headquarters of the City Rifle Club

LUNCH TIME INTERLUDE

EXPERT ADVICE: General Codrington, President of the Miniature Rifle Club, with some of Bisley's many women competitors

PREPARING FOR THE FRAY: Mr. and Mrs. Edyvean-Walker both of whom were competing in the small-bore section

RANGE-SIDE REFRESHMENT: Competitors enjoying a pleasant interval during the heat of the afternoon. Though women are, as yet, enormously out-numbered at Bisley, they are making rapid progress in rifle shooting, and every year increasing numbers attend the meeting

PULLING THROUGH: marksman's first thorough

THE MAN BEHIND THE Association, who has charge of eighty range officers, he is tained in the camp, and, to worry him, he never an incredible amount o 5,000

RA SHOTS BISLEY

Brotherhood of the Congregates

After a day on the ranges the thought is to give his rifle a cleaning

Members sheltering from the heat on the rose-decked veranda of the North London Rifle Club

IN CLUB ROW

Relaxation after a morning on the "mats"

EASY CHAIRS AND COOLING DRINKS

SCENES: Major C. E. Etches, Secretary of the National Rifle of all the arrangements at Bisley. He has to direct the work the licensee of the hotel, he must see that discipline is main- fact, has to shoulder all the responsibilities. Nothing appears seems to be in a hurry, and yet day after day he gets through work. While the meeting is in progress there are often people sleeping under canvas

Special "Sphere" Pictures

Left—WOMEN ON THE RANGES: Feminine fashion styles. *Right*—REWARDS OF MARKSMANSHIP: Some of the trophies awarded in the various competitions at the meeting. There are also substantial cash prizes

AMID SUNSHINE AND SCENT: The old farmhouse near Grasse, Southern France, which H. G. Wells has converted into the home ideal. There are a number of perfume factories in the vicinity

The World of Books

Writers who are Restless Travellers and Leave Their Native Lands to Seek the Sunshine

By VERNON FANE

IT USED to be Arnold Bennett's ambition to own a yacht, which was, perhaps, synonymous with everything that, to him, was luxurious in life and which fascinated him. Not that he had a passionate love for the sea. What he wanted to do was to sail his own yacht into Monte Carlo Harbour, "just to show those millionaires that a writing feller could do it."

It delighted him, not only that he could do it, but that he could earn the right to it while he was doing it. For a writer has one great advantage over other people in that he can choose his own place in which to work.

The modern habit among novelists of sometimes dating their work with the places at which it was written, reveals not only a taste for foreign travel, but a fascinating list of the most delectable places in the world. Nor need they be affluent with popularity to be able to do it. During the whole of his lifetime D. H. Lawrence was wretchedly poor, yet he managed to live and work in sun-blest lands, by the Mediterranean, at Capri, Sicily, and in Mexico.

PROBABLY the Americans are among the most restless travellers. Hemingway has written his books in France, Italy, and in Spain. Sinclair Lewis wrote *Babbit* at Fontainebleau, *Dodsworth* on a European tour which took him as far as the Dalmatian coast; more than half of *Ann Vickers* was written at Blakeney in Norfolk, and most of his last novel. *Work of Art*, at Semmering in Austria. Louis Bromfield divides his time between New York and his house near Paris, but it is at the latter that most of his novels are written. Gertrude Stein lives permanently in France, the better to produce her stutterings, while Ezra Pound spins his obscurantist web at Rapallo.

Willa Cather loves France and spends most of her summers in the Touraine, yet she differs from her fellows in that she goes home to write. She needs, she once told me, the sights and sounds of her own country in order to do her best work.

Irishmen seem to flourish best in exile. George Moore lived in Paris as a young man but did most of his writing in London; while if the ubiquitous G. B. S. ever composed anything worth while in his own country, Ireland has never heard of it. When he is not in Zurich, James Joyce lives in Paris, and his idea of a holiday is a week or two at an English seaside town like Torquay or Ilfracombe.

THE English are easily the most indefatigable exiles. Few Continental writers choose to live and work outside their own countries (I except, of course, those Germans who are now in enforced exile)—it seems to be the prerogative of those who write in English. Perhaps it is a matter of climate; it cannot be to escape income tax, as some people are foolish enough to believe, since the earnings of an author resident abroad are taxed at the source, and in addition he pays taxes in the country in which he is living.

It must be the climate, since almost without exception they choose to settle by the shores of the Mediterranean or in Italy. The largest number live in the South of France which, as the Romans knew, has a more dependable climate than anywhere else in Europe; moreover, a writer living in France enjoys an easy tolerance from the authorities which is not always extended in other countries, including our own.

Just opposite from Bandol, the little place between Toulon and Marseilles where D. H. Lawrence lived the last few weeks of his life, his friend, Aldous Huxley, has built himself a villa. Actually the house is included in the little village of Sanary, where the German writers, Thomas Mann and Arnold Zweig, have also elected to settle since the Nazis began their persecutions. When he is not rushing about Italy in a big Lancia car or visiting strange places in Central America, Aldous Huxley lives permanently at Sanary. His nearest literary neighbour is Ford Madox Ford, who has a villa in the country above Toulon and Hyères. He, however, divides his time mostly between there, Paris and New York.

ACROSS from Hyères are the beautiful Iles d'Or which Conrad has described in *The Rover*. On the most lovely of them, Port Cros, Richard Aldington wrote *Death of a Hero*. Aldington lives nowhere permanently but prefers to wander about Europe, returning to England for a few months every year.

Above Grasse, where there are scent factories (and a considerable English colony before the French persisted in remaining on the gold standard), there is a lovely old Mas, or Provençal farmhouse, which H. G. Wells has converted into an ideal dwelling-place, whose every approach is through fields of flowers. Every bit as lovely, is the situation of P. G. Wodehouse's similarly converted Mas. The creator of Jeeves likes to boast that from his house in the South of France you cannot see the sea from any window.

Closer towards Cannes, but still out of sight of the sea, is the home of Elizabeth, Countess Russell. Here is one of the most lovely houses on the Riviera, and one to which invitations are eagerly sought, for the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden* has a deservedly great reputation as a hostess and a wit. She has built on a hillside, under the shadow of the old Provençal village of Mougins. On the hill opposite, in an equally lovely villa built by the late Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, Rudyard Kipling spent the winter months.

IN Cannes itself, in a house with a gorgeous view of distant mountains, Michael Arlen lives. Since he settled there a few years ago with his lovely wife, Arlen has become a complete Canneois, plays golf vigorously on the local links, and comes to England but two or three times a year. Another ardent golfer is E. Phillips Oppenheim who has built his villa actually on the Cagnes golf links. The Riviera is a perfect setting for Oppenheim, whose suave diplomats and lovely mysterious ladies never stray far from Monte Carlo or thereabouts. Together with the Duke of Westminster he is the most familiar figure in the Sporting Club, where his favourite game is roulette and his favourite numbers are 14 (red) and 29 (black). In the summer he takes to his yacht which can usually be found moored off La Garoupe, on Cap d'Antibes, close to the house of his great friend Sir Henry Norman.

But the centre of literary and social life on this coast is the Villa Mauresque, the home of Somerset Maugham on Cap Ferrat. Maugham's hospitality is famous, and he really enjoys dispensing it. His visits to England are rare, but, as his books prove, he is a great traveller, and goes off at intervals to inaccessible places.

Farther along the coast, on the Italian side, Max Beerbohm has lived for the best part of a decade. His is a little flat-topped villa, called Villino Chiaro, at Rapallo, looking across the bay to Portofino. In these days he practically lives the life of a recluse, and only his most intimate friends go to visit him. His satiric wit is as devastating as ever, but he publishes very little nowadays. Those deliciously polished essays and rapier-pointed cartoons are a sad loss in an age already too impoverished of such things. As I have said before, Ezra Pound also lives at Rapallo, and in the spring months one or more of the Sitwells may usually be found there.

OVER at Portofino is the picturesque Castello Brown, made famous during one of its numerous literary tenancies as the scene of "Elizabeth's" novel *The Enchanted April*. Francis Yeats-Brown, to whose family it belongs, also wrote his *Bengal Lancer* there.

High among the Tuscan hills, beyond Florence, stands the magnificent Castello of Montegefoni, the home of the Sitwell family. Its architecture is reminiscent of the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence, and it is reputed to belong to Osbert. A few miles away is Scandicci where, under the olive trees of the Villa Mirenda, D. H. Lawrence wrote *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

In Florence itself the famous author of *South Wind*, Norman Douglas, has for years made his home. Douglas lives in a typical Florentine apartment on the Lungarno, overlooking the river. Except for an occasional visit to Capri and to Calabria (which have been immortalized in his works) Norman Douglas seldom moves out of Florence. At Anacapri, on the most beautiful part of the island, Francis Breet Young has also made a home. He spends only part of the year there, however, having recently bought a place in Worcestershire, in the heart of the country which is the scene of his later novels.

Robert Graves seldom visits England nowadays, having made his home in the island of Majorca, lately made fashionable by English and American tourists.

SOMEWHERE in the South, during the best months, Rebecca West and G. B. Stern are also invariably to be found, while Rose Macaulay's visit to the Basque coast is recorded in her latest novel. Hugh Walpole goes frequently to America, but not for writing purposes. His rare trips to the Continent are mainly to hear music, of which he is passionately fond. J. B. Priestley recently made a trip to the South Seas, and *Faraway* was the result. But Priestley does not like those places in the sun beloved of his fellow writers, and does not hesitate to say so. For him a Yorkshire dale knocks spots off the South of France any day. Quite recently he went to Capri to do the scenario of a film with Gracie Fields. They were both back after three days. He is perhaps the most persistent of the stay-at-homes; and if, in the face of the galaxy of talent who think otherwise, such an attitude needs justification, is it not amply displayed in *English Journey*?

On page 124 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

"WHEN YOU LOOK BACK AND FORGETFULLY WONDER WHAT YOU WERE LIKE IN YOUR WORK AND YOUR PLAY": A composite picture showing early portraits of some of the eighteen writers who have contributed essays on "The Old School" to a new book edited by Graham Greene, which is to be published by Jonathan Cape on July 23. Top row, left to right—Antonia White (Lippington), H. E. Bates (Kettering), Elizabeth Bowen (Downe House), E. L. Grant Watson (Bedales). Second row—W. H. Auden (Gresham's), Walter Greenwood (Langworthy Road Council School, Salford), Anthony Powell (Eton). Third row—L. P. Hartley (Harrow), Sean O'Faolain (Lancasterian School, Cork), E. Arnot Robertson (Sherborne School for Girls). Bottom row—William Plomer (Rugby), Harold Nicolson (Wellington), Theodora Benson (Cheltenham Ladies' College), Arthur Calder-Marshall (St. Paul's)

WHEN FRIENDS MEET

"That was a rattling good "double" Smith"
"Yes — and this is going to be a better one!"

DEWAR'S
The Famous
White Label

She is as logical as she is charming. She finally has chosen Craven "A" by a process of elimination. Are they not the most satisfying—the kindest to her throat? Are they not always in perfect condition wherever she buys them? Therefore, being a logical young lady, she has decided to keep to Cork-tipped Craven "A".

TWENTY FOR ONE SHILLING

"THE HILL" AND "THE PLAIN" AT LORD'S

The Fashion Parade at the Eton and Harrow Match

SMALL BOYS AND BIG HATS: A scene outside the gates of Lord's on the first day of the match. Such is their interest in the game that many of the boys come straight from school to the ground, bringing with them their luggage for the week-end stay in London

HONOURS EVEN: J. H. Pawle, the Harrow Captain, chatting with friends in front of the pavilion at Lords. In the second innings, when Harrow had to follow on, Pawle delighted the crowd by flogging the bowling and, when his own score was 93 not out, sportingly declared and left Eton 107 runs to get in fifty minutes. The match ended in a draw

SEEN IN THE LUNCH INTERVAL PARADE: Dull weather did not deter visitors from wearing their creations of chiffon, organdie, lace, and taffeta, and the parade was just as brilliant a spectacle as ever. *Left*—Miss Wendy Barrie, of film fame, and the Princess of Cooch Behar. *Right*—A striking frock with an open back

LUNCHING IN THE RAIN: A scene beside one of the coaches drawn up on the ground

A YOUTHFUL SUPPORTER OF "THE HILL" with a mascot adorned with a miniature Harrow hat

A HIGH WIND AND A FILMY FROCK: A fair visitor experiences a little difficulty with her dress

COWES

o o

The Classic Suit and the Acceptance of Slacks for Yachting

A coat of white Harris tweed or of navy blue Pilot cloth is a necessity to the woman who spends her time afloat. Here is one with a large storm collar, an all-round belt, and two generously proportioned pockets. It costs 4½ guineas at Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, where the tailored sports dress in heavy pastel coloured crêpe may be bought for four guineas. It buttons at the neck and has an inverted pleat at the back and front of the skirt

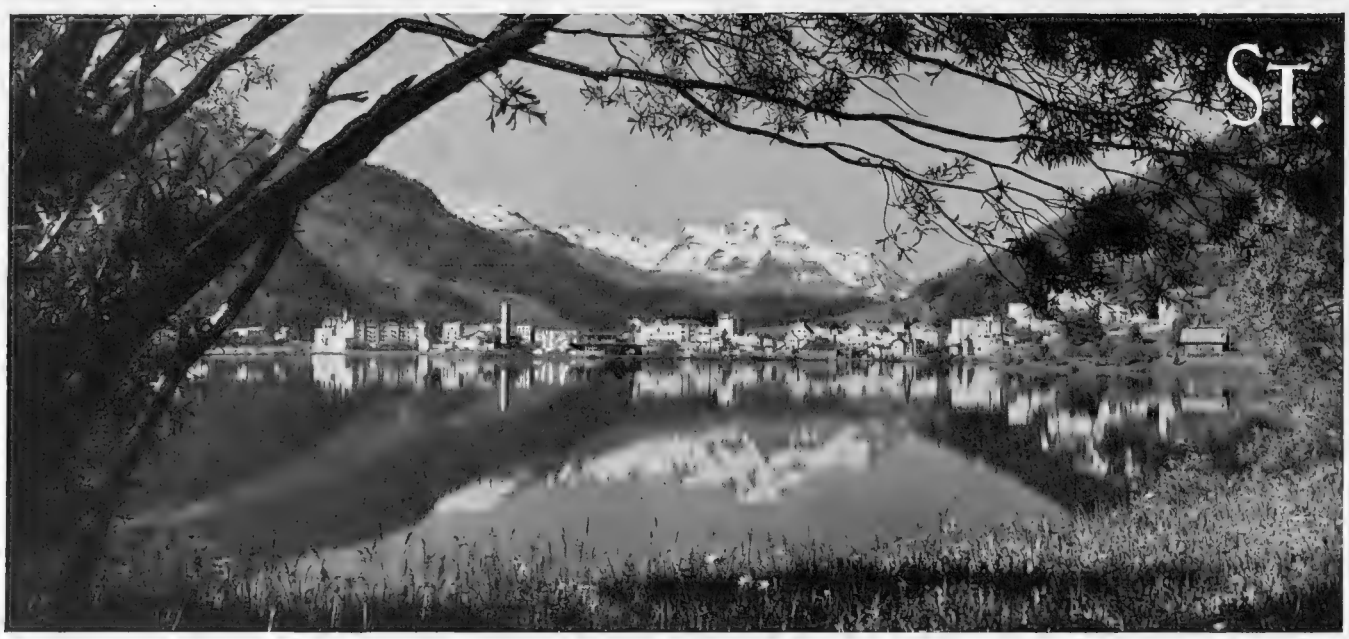
One cannot have too many jumpers and sweaters, but though they may vary in weight they must be very workmanlike. The model above comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W., and costs 39s. 6d. Made in white Botany wool yarn with a navy collar, the yoke and sleeves are made in a fancy stitch

Natural coloured Lastex linen makes the classic suit on the right. It has link buttons of ivory wood, high wing revers, and a breast pocket, and it is worn with a large square crêpe scarf in vivid shades. Its very simplicity is its chief charm. The price is 7½ guineas complete, and this too comes from Marshall and Snelgrove

The SUMMER SPORTING

At the SUMMER SPORTING gambling now takes place on the Terrace in the open air — an entirely new idea.

MONTE CARLO BEACH



SUMMER IN ST. MORITZ: When the lake, no longer frozen over, mirrors the mountain slopes that have partly shed their mantle of snow

ST. MORITZ

A Delightful Summer Holiday Resort

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E.

THOSE who know and are exceedingly fond of St. Moritz for winter sports would, perhaps, be somewhat surprised, but just as delighted with St. Moritz in the summer-time, when all but the highest snows have melted; Albana and Julier show patches of vivid green on their rugged slopes; whilst Corviglia, so fearsome for the timid ski-er beholding it for the first time, has taken on a mantle of verdure, spangled with flowers of brilliant hue; and the great forests of fir and pine on the lower sides of Rosatch and Surlej show up boldly with their dark colouring and form a fine contrast with the varying browns of the crags and rock-face above.

The great hotels, mostly in white, stand out prominently against the emerald background of the hill-side; and down below, the placid waters of the lake, covered with ice and snow the winter through, now reflect the azure of the sky above, white-flecked with light fleecy clouds, and the varying shades of green of the heights which tower above the shore.

This is St. Moritz in the summer, when, as one never realizes in the winter time, the place is really composed of three separate resorts—St. Moritz Dorf, St. Moritz Bad, and Campfer. Each of these has its special attractions. St. Moritz Dorf, high up on the hill, has the great advantage of a glorious view of the lake below and the woods well-nigh surrounding it, and of the mountains to the south, and east, and west. There are wonderful walks Chantarella way, and along to Suvretta, which involve little climbing, whilst the funicular to Corviglia gives the opportunity for a little climb of about five minutes to the Ski Hut, from which you have a wonderful mountain panorama.

Campfer is a quiet little Engadine village, lying in the midst of delightful scenery—river, lake, wooded hills, and mountain heights, at the foot of Piz Albana, and at the entrance to the beautiful Suvretta Valley where you will see the Engadiner peasant-life and enjoy entrancing walks, with, if you so wish, a remarkable degree of seclusion, and for the botanist there is a rich Alpine flora, with the prospect of making some interesting "find."

St. Moritz Bad holds high court in the summer, for to it then come patrons from the four corners of the earth—to drink its famous medicinal waters, the marvellous properties of which are said to have been known in the Bronze Age, and were re-discovered in the year 1537 by Paracelsus the great physician and mystic, after whom one of the three main springs is named. Throughout the sixteenth century, St. Moritz Bad was a famous place of pilgrimage, for another of the springs was dedicated to St. Mauritius, and a Bull issued by Pope Leo X in 1510, granting full absolution to all pilgrims who visited the shrine of St. Mauritius, effectively established the reputation of St. Moritz.

The waters of the spa were recognized as having a definite curative value by Swiss and German doctors early in the eighteenth century, but it was not until the early nineteenth century that a kurhaus was founded and St. Moritz properly launched as a health resort. Arrangements for drinking and bathing in the waters, which are from carbonated iron springs, of low temperature, are extremely good, and numbers of ailments are treated very effectively.

But apart from the spa, there is one great curative asset which all three resorts share alike—the wonderful climate, one of thin, pure air, which gives little resistance to the health-giving sun rays, great relative dryness in the day-time, which is invaluable for exercise in the open-air, a large amount of sunshine—an average number of days with sunshine in the Upper Engadine is 322 — complete freedom from fog, and cool, fresh nights after warm days.

The facilities for sport in St. Moritz are splendid. All the larger hotels have their own tennis courts, and there are two public courts belonging to the Kurverein. Golf is played on the well-known Engadine eighteen-hole course at nearby Samaden, on a nine-hole course belonging to the Kulm Hotel, in Badrutt's Park, St. Moritz Dorf and on a nine-hole course at San Gian, St. Moritz Bad; swimming and sunbathing are provided for amidst the most charming surroundings at the lovely little mountain lakes of the Stazer See and Lej Nair, close by, screened from the wind by fragrant pine woods, which enable one to bask for hours in the sunny, tonic-giving mountain air; there is rowing on St. Moritz Lake, and excellent fishing for trout, extending also to the lakes of Sils and Silva Plana, and the River Inn, which links these lakes and passes on from St. Moritz Lake to the open plain by Celerina, where the fishing is exceptionally good; there are livery stables where horses can be hired for riding, whilst gymkhana meetings are sometimes held, and there is a children's playground where all the wants of the kiddies in this wise are met.

Then St. Moritz is an ideal centre for mountain climbing. The best time is from the beginning of July until the first autumn snowfall, and the hardiest and most enthusiastic mountaineer will find much to try his skill and afford him intense pleasure among the peaks of the famous Bernina Group, or in the Bergell, in the mountain world of the Bondasca Group; whilst there are fine peaks amongst the Languard, Longhino, Vadrett, Piz d'Err and Langrev Groups which can be climbed by the mountaineer of moderate skill, with little danger and ordinary exertion, and there are footpaths leading to the summits of Piz Julier, Piz Ot, and Piz Languard, which bring these delightful view-points within reach of the average good walker.

And now what of the hotels of St. Moritz? What can one say that has not been already said in their praise, for they are famed the world over for their food, and their wine, and their accommodation? Only this—that you will find them as nearly perfect as possible, from whatever angle you consider them, and their proprietors eager and willing to do the best they can to give you an ideal holiday in the Upper Engadine, and in the matter of prices, graded, as they are, to suit all manner of purses, you will discover that the hotels of St. Moritz give excellent value for what they provide.

ON THE PLAIN OF CELERINA: Fishing for trout in the River Inn

SCREENED FROM THE WIND BY FRAGRANT PINE WOODS: A view of Lej Nair, an excellent bathing place near St. Moritz

Right—HAY-MAKING TIME: A rustic scene beside the placid waters of the lake at St. Moritz

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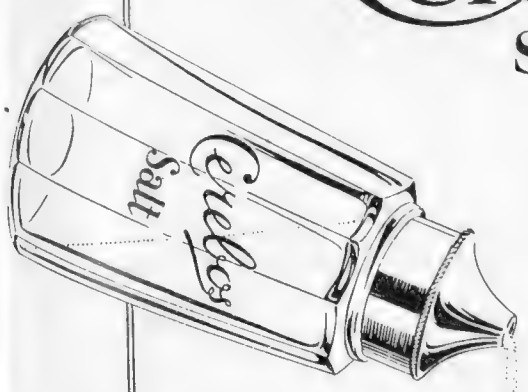

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THE ROAD PROBLEM

(Continued from p. 90)

SIGNS OF THE TIMES: A safety-first device for "hikers" and cyclists. The red reflex lens can be picked up by motor car lights at a distance of a quarter of a mile

There is, in some quarters, a demand for wider roads. Let us consult the official figures on this point. Taking the built-up and unbuilt-up areas both into consideration, there were 1,468 deaths on roads not exceeding 20 ft. in width, 2,997 deaths on roads exceeding 20 ft. but not exceeding 30 ft. in width, and 2,472 deaths on roads exceeding 30 ft. in width. As to atmospheric conditions, over 85 per cent. of accidents occurred in fair weather. Nearly two-thirds of the accidents occurred in daylight.

Four thousand one hundred and ninety-nine fatal accidents occurred on roads carrying only very light traffic at the time; 2,472 on roads on which the traffic was moderate; and only 224 on densely trafficked roads where of necessity speeds would be greatly reduced and drivers would be forced to proceed with caution.

As to the cause of accidents, the Report says that it will be seen that of the various causes attributed to drivers, the most frequent is excessive speed, having regard to the conditions. On the other hand, if the motor driver can be held guilty in this respect, the mistakes and idiocy of pedestrians seem to be infinite. But are the figures reliable? Here, at any rate, are some of the reasons for the deaths with the numbers attached:

> Running into roadway from footpath, 676; walking or running from behind vehicle without due care, 495; apparently becoming confused or hesitating in traffic, 395; stepping from curb or refuge without looking, 337.

And so the tale goes on. But there are three further points of great interest. Of the pedestrians killed by running into the roadway, most of them were children. Indeed, out of the 3,517 pedestrians killed, 2,739 (or nearly 78 per cent.) were either under fifteen or over fifty-five years of age. Fifty-four per cent. of the pedestrians killed while crossing the roadway were over sixty years of age. Of the 1,566 pedestrians killed while crossing the roadway in built-up areas, 1,391 were crossing at points more than 50 yards from any refuge or subway. As against that, the Report adds that 129 pedestrians were killed on footpaths or on refuges.

With these gloomy figures in mind, I went to the Automobile Association, where, in spite of all the magnificent work that it has done, the doctrine that speed *qua* speed is not dangerous, still holds good.

They were deeply concerned with the present position, but complained that motoring was not given a fair chance.

"At every turn," said Sir Stenson Cooke, "we are being handicapped in an impossible way, and we are looking forward to placing our case before Mr. Hore-Belisha who may well prove to be the right man in the right place.

"Practically the whole of our road system," he continued, "is archaic. We want new roads with special tracks for various grades of traffic and for cyclists. We want more attention to road surface, and, as far as possible, a unification of lighting. But how are we to get anything done when the money from the Road Fund and the Petrol Tax is virtually misappropriated? In the past ten years, of the £326,000,000 paid in direct taxation by motorists, £100,000,000 has been spent on purposes other than for the roads for which it was primarily intended. As to the reimposition of the speed limit in built-up areas within certain hours, I am still doubtful of its wisdom. Under this a man would be permitted to drive at thirty miles an hour down Regent Street, but who but a fool or a criminal would do so? Moreover, we should once again have the energies of the police devoted to setting traps, when their real energies should be devoted to catching the 'bad man' motorist. As it is, the police, if they only catch the 'bad man' motorist, have more than ample powers for dealing with him under Section 11 of the Road Traffic Act.

"I am far from arraigning the police, who do their duty splendidly, but one has to remember that last year there were over 130,000 summonses for minor technical offences, and only 7,000 prosecutions in relation to dangerous driving. It is out of all proportion."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Well," said Sir Stenson, "we are determined on action to reduce the number of deaths. We can't possibly wait for the fructification of five-year experiments or plans. So we have a Three Point Plan. Point I is that as speedily as possible everyone shall be acquainted with the principles of road safety; Point II is a propaganda campaign run by every modern means to ensure Point I being driven home; Point III is a progressive scheme for road modernization. Why, do you realize that there are points on the Great North Road—our premier highway—where there is only room for three vehicles abreast?"

I told him what Mr. Hore-Belisha had said.

"I am glad to hear that," said Sir Stenson. "It is hardly possible at this juncture to use any language which is too strong. I, too, have been turning over in my mind how to rouse everyone in this country to a sense of duty in this matter. Motorists as a whole are, I am convinced, as kindly and civilized as anyone; but there is this 'bad man' element, and it must be stamped out. I have been trying to think of a term of fitting opprobrium which could be applied to all disturbers of the amenities of traffic, whether motor driver, motor cyclist, pedal cyclist, or pedestrian. After all, the gangster business was never seriously treated in America until someone coined the term 'Public Enemy.' Then it was suddenly realized that these gangsters were the enemies of every decent citizen; they took their lives and robbed them of their money. We've got to deal with this menace quickly. And we've got to give instruction quickly. For instance, at the present moment even I am not quite clear about these new street markings."

"But do you think," I asked, "that the public will ever accept them or regard them?"

"Of course; when they understand them. There never was a public which had so great a sense of discipline—such a wonderful sense for policing itself. It was said that they would never stand in queues for buses. Or trams. After a little instruction they queued up for themselves. What saved the crowd at Wembley from panic and disaster on the occasion of the first Cup Final there? Only the crowd's own sense of self-discipline. No; you can take it from me that the public will do its duty. And here I should say that we greatly object to the class distinction drawn between motor drivers and pedestrians. All pedestrians may not be motorists, but all motorists are pedestrians; and they are all members of the public which is determined that this state of affairs shall not go on. And the Automobile Association is here to help them in every way it can."

Which was good hearing; for in his long record of devotion to the best interests of motoring, Sir Stenson has never gone back on his word. And, to sum up, if you consider the words of Mr. Hore-Belisha as undoubted reactions to the Amending Traffic Bill and the Report on Fatal Road Accidents, and if you consider how the A.A. is taking action, there seem to be good grounds for hope. But I fancy that we shall get a good deal more than hope from Mr. Hore-Belisha. We shall probably have a lot of swift action.

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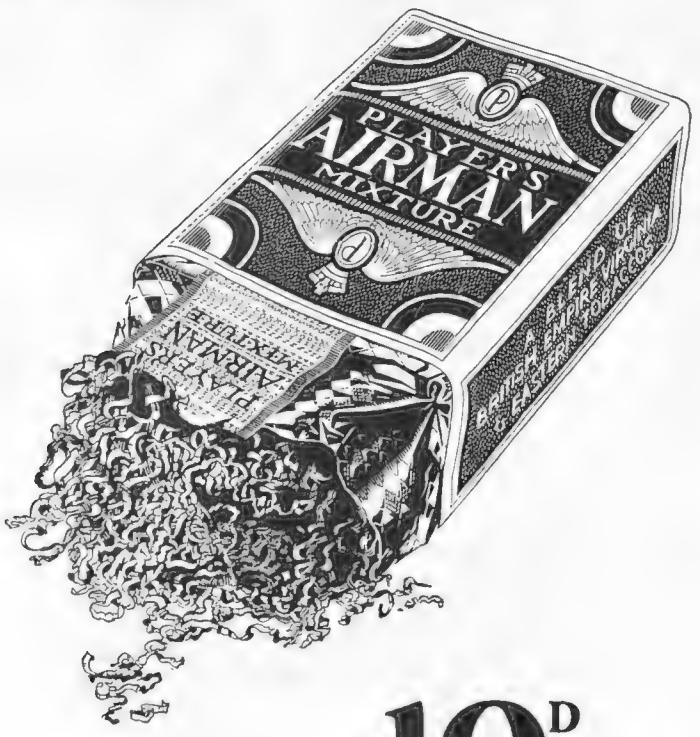

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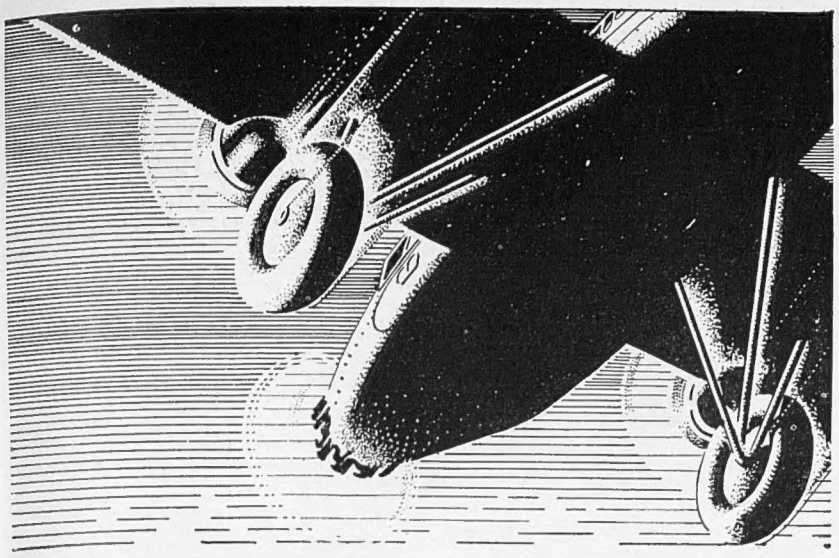

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DOPE (Continued from p. 96)

to let them through or to take up the line himself, but perhaps he is not. Besides, the rules of his hunt may be quite different. Perhaps, too, they have had some previous quarrel and are on bad terms. Perhaps the neighbouring country is all wired and unrideable.

Police forces, too, are handicapped for funds. To send a police officer three times in a year to follow a line, as was done from Egypt to Europe, costs money, as also does long-distance cabling to China and America. Agents must be well paid or else they will double-cross the police and work for both sides. Even a big seizure costs money. Rewards have to be paid, and heroin worth thousands of pounds can only be poured down the drain.

There is one point in favour of the police, and that is that dope runners in Europe who give away their friends to the authorities never seem to suffer for it. In New York or Chicago a gangster who double-crossed his friends would be bumped off within a very few hours. In Europe, if there are cases of vengeance on informers it is very seldom that one hears of it. The truth is, of course, that the men who deal in the dope racket—the most cowardly and profitable one in the world—are themselves the most utter cowards. They are in fact positively tolerant of one another's misdeeds even at their own expense. Many of them are Greeks, though the head men are of all nationalities, except, I am glad to say, English; and of the list of heads of the gangs already cleaned up only two or three have Anglo-Saxon names. These are Victor Foley aud the Warrington gang.

ADDICTION in Egypt has now been enormously reduced owing to police activity, increase in price, adulteration, and finally the economic crisis. On October 1, 1930, the State prisons held 7,300 persons convicted under the Narcotic Law, of whom 1,800 were traffickers and 5,500 were addicts. On October 1, last year, the total had been reduced to 3,850, of whom 3,180 were traffickers and only 674 were addicts. Thus in three years the figure of convicted addicts has been reduced by 4,800, which shows how well Russell Pasha and his tiny staff have dealt with the situation. Of the addicts, 10 per cent. ran coffee shops, 5 per cent. were merchants of various denominations, and 4 per cent. were butchers. It is a fact that in 1931 twenty-nine children between the ages of six and ten were either addicts or traffickers. There were twice that number between the ages of eleven and fifteen, and over 3,000 between the ages of twenty-one and thirty.

I have said nothing about cocaine, which comes from a wild plant grown in Bolivia, because this form of drug taking is only a tiny fraction of the heroin taking.

With the increased difficulty of obtaining heroin, traffickers are now turning their attention to the "black drugs," *i.e.*, opium and hashish, which are being grown in large quantities in the Balkans, and smuggled into Egypt and other countries.

UNCLE SAM PREPARES TO SCRAP HIS EMPIRE

(Continued from p. 100)

might henceforth rest assured that they were at liberty to change their governments as and when they chose without as much as a syllable from Capitol Hill. Washington even started recognizing governments it had long refused to honour—such as Salvador—and, as we have seen, fixing dates of departure elsewhere.

To envisage events globally, the Americans began a generation ago to believe that the concessionaire policy, based on financial control and economic penetration, was really an advance and improvement on the notion of acquiring territories outright, as the British had done for so long. To-day, after an all-too-brief run for their money, our brother-linguists have sorrowfully concluded that if annexed territory may often work out as a serious liability, the substituted policy of indirect taking over has been (a) unworkable, (b) highly undesirable, (c) a snare and a delusion. As our lunching friend advised us, "it has signally failed to protect the American investor and it has equally failed to bring prosperity, or happiness, to the people over which we sought to exercise our hegemony. It has, in fact, freely sowed economic ruin and acted as an agent of destruction of the very markets we wished to nurse for our export trade."

I further took this note: "On the ethical side, we are also on the way to understanding that it's wrong to try and foist our social and political habits on to foreign peoples with not an iota of common heritage or history. It just doesn't work, makes trouble, and costs the very devil. That's why we Americans are crying off."

Rather is the *mot d'ordre* now: sell home products to neighbours in an atmosphere of reciprocal goodwill instead of flooding those neighbours with exported capital that brings gain only to the few, whose implanted ventures, moreover, had to be constantly protected at the expense of the American taxpayer.

So gradually Old Glory is being furled in a wave of rather-to-be-admired realistic reaction. The Marines left Nicaragua last year. Next it will be Haiti and the Philippines—although naval reservations will be made in the latter's case akin to those still existing in Ireland. Perhaps when the Stars and Stripes after half a century fly no more over this great island group and its 13,000,000 inhabitants can we say that the end of a chapter has been really reached. It will then only be left to us to ponder—how long shall this new "pause" endure? Thirty years, like the last one?

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

W., Middlesex (Germany and Switzerland).—With the 60 per cent. reduction being granted by the German railways, the return 2nd-class fare from London to Basle via Harwich, Flushing, Karlsruhe, and Freiburg would be £5 15s. 1d. In order to obtain this reduction visitors to Germany must stay in that country at least seven days. Similarly, you will obtain a reduction on the Swiss railways provided you stay in Switzerland seven days. In this way the return 3rd-class fare from Basle to Locarno (near Ascona) would be £1 18s. 8d. Registered marks can be obtained through all the leading tourist agencies, such as Thos. Cook or Dean and Dawson.

N., Westmorland (Southern Railway *St. Briac* cruise).—The inclusive fares for the week-end cruise to Havre and up the Seine to Rouen by the Southern Railway's s.s. *St. Briac* range from £3 10s., inclusive of the train fare from and back to London. Passengers leave London at 9 p.m. on the Friday arriving back there at 9.3 a.m. on the following Monday. Unfortunately there will be no cruises the week-end of July 27–30 or August 3–6 (August Bank Holiday week-end), or August 10–13. Apart from these three, week-end cruises will be run every week-end up to September 21. We should advise you to book as soon as possible as these cruises are proving extremely popular.

Hints for Travellers

ZURICH.

Zurich, the commercial and industrial capital of Switzerland, lies around the lower end of the long and lovely lake to which it gives its name. On the one hand, facing south, the Zurichberg slopes gently down to the water, and on the other, densely wooded, the steep and rugged Uetliberg ascends. The town itself, notwithstanding its fine modern buildings and thoroughfares, contains some excellent examples of medieval architecture which greatly interest lovers of the picturesque. One can spend profitable days in Zurich seeing much that is beautiful and deriving at the same time cultural benefit, for the Swiss National Museum is here, besides the Zurich Art Gallery, the Arts and Crafts Museum, the famous University with its own collections, and the old cathedral with its twin towers. Numerous trips can be made from the town both by road and by lake steamer, while a network of railways radiates from Zurich in every direction. Zurich can lay claim to popularity as a holiday resort since the eighth century, for it is reputed that the great Charlemagne himself liked nothing better than a sojourn within its walls, where, in the house called Zum Loch, he judged right and wrong after the manner of King Solomon.

A QUIET HOLIDAY—ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA.

The 30-day "Holiday" tickets to the French Riviera at approximately a single fare and a third, which are now being issued by the Paris–Lyons–Mediterranean Railway in conjunction with the Southern Railway, should greatly stimulate summer holiday traffic to the delightful towns on the south coast of France. Resorts such as Monte Carlo, Nice, Cannes, Antibes, and Mentone are equally popular in both summer and winter alike. There are, however, many small towns between Marseilles and St. Raphael which would be ideal holiday resorts for people with children, or for those who wish to spend a quiet holiday free from harassing thoughts as to whether one's clothes will bear close scrutiny from the other visitors. Those desirous of finding such a charming "backwater" should enquire at the offices of the Paris–Lyons–Mediterranean Railway, 179 Piccadilly, London, S.W.1. Here information can be had on the most secluded corner of the French Riviera, and thus one will find the perfect "quiet holiday" resort.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Badgastein (the world's most radioactive thermal Springs).—**"Der Kaiserhof."**—The hotel of distinction. Comf. service. Unriv. posn.

Gallspach.—Famous for electro-therapeutical Treatment System Zeileis. **Hotel-Pension "Sonnenhof,"** modern comfort, mod. prices.

BELGIUM.

Brussels. — Grand Hotel. — Near Stock Exchange. All modern comfort. Reputed for good style. Free Garage.

Antwerp. — Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Blankenberghe.—Hotel Pauwels d'Hondt. Fnst.sit. Fac. sea & mst. wndfl. sands of Belgian coast 140rms. Ex. kit. Full bd. trms. fr. Frs. 60.

Heyst-s-Mer. — Hotel de la Plage.—The leading English hotel on the sea front. 1st class. All comfs. Mod. prices. A van Isacker, Prop.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Near Tennis. Golf. Casino. Pens. fr. 75 Frs. Tels. Palace Knocke. Tel. No. 8.

Ostend.—Grand Hotel.—Fine position on sea front, next Casino. New large airy and sunny lounge. Free Garage. Moderate Terms.

Ostend.—Savoy Hotel.—
Opposite Casino. First class.
Moderate Terms.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Jersey.—Links Hotel.—On Royal Jersey Golf Course. American Bar. Bathing, Tennis. 11 acres gardens. A.A. Apply for terms.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad. — Hotel Königsvilla. — The leading first class hotel with all modern comfort, best situation with own beautiful park.

FRANCE.

Le Touquet. — Hotel Bristol. — First-class. From Frs. 70 daily. Near sea. G. S. Heathcote, M.V.O., O.B.E. Prop.

Le Touquet.—Regina Hotel.—Latest 1st cl. hotel on beach. Opp. swimming pool. Casino 200 yds. Mod. rates. H. Mosesco, Manager.

Lyons.—Carlton Hotel.—
The best
reduced rates.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace. Opp. Casino Gdns. Beach. 1st class Pension from Frs. 50, with bath Frs. 60, suite Frs. 75.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest). — "Brenner's Stephanie" and "Brenner's Park."—Baccara, 18-hole Golf, Swimming Pool.

Baden-Baden.—Bad Hotel Badischer Hof. First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue." — The well-known Family Hotel in 5 acres own park. Most reasonable rates.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large own park. Close Casino. Personal management of proprietor: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden. — Hotel Zähringerhof.—130 beds. Pension from R.M. 8—or with private thermal bath from R.M. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—"Der Kaiserhof."—First-class Hotel. Lge. garden fcg. baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from R.M. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Carlton Kurhaus.—Strictly first class. Best English clients. Home-like in every way.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite Bath-houses. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Hotel Prince of Wales.—Fam. Htl. prfd. by Englishmen. Mod. comf. Mod. prices. Ex. cuisine. A. Leuner, Prop.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Bristol.—Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from R.M. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1934.

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First class Home Comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus). — Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with private toilette and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from R.M. 11.

Coblence. — Hotel Riesen-Fürstenhof. — 1st class. Terrace overlooking the Rhine. Full Pens. 9 Mks. up.—room 4 Mks. up.

Coblence.—Koblenzer Hof. — The leading hotel. Wonderful site facing Rhein. Garage. Rooms from R.M. 4.

Cologne. — Furstenhof. — Situated opposite station and Dome. Beautiful view. All comforts. Rooms from M. 3.50 up.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Wld-renwnd. Unique pos. on river. Grdn-Pk., Terraces. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.-Breidenbacher Hof. Ldg. htl. Rm. fr. R.M. 5, with bath fr. R.M. 9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch/Bavarian Alps. — Sonnenbichl Golf Hotel. — Facing the Zugspitze. First class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe. — First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 R.M.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most prfct htel-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Mainz.—Hotel Karpfen.—Opposite landing stage. Founded 16th century. All comforts. Moderate prices.

München.—Hotel 'Der Königshof,' Karlsplatz 25.—1st cl., nr. theatres and museums. 150 rms, 50 bths. New underground gar. in hotel.

Rüdesheim a. Rhein.—Hotel Darmstädter Hof.—Leading house. 75 beds. Famous cuisine and wines.

Schlangenbad.—Kurhaus Hotel.—Greatest and most fashionable hotel in Schlangenbad. Tea Concert. Dancing. Lock-up Garages.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class hotel opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from R.M. 10.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pension from 11 Marks.

Wildbad.—Hotel Quellenhof.—A famous hotel in a famous Spa. Thermal baths. Trout fishing. Pension from R.M. 10.

ITALY.

Rome. — Hotel Palace-Ambassadeurs. — Near Pincio Gardens. Unrivalled for its luxury and comfort. Very special reduced rates.

Brioni.—Hotel Brioni.—The fashnble Isl. of all sports. Golf (18-hs.), polo, sailg., fishg., tenn., shootg., beach. The perfect resort for holidays.

Courmayeur (Aosta)—In the heart of the Alps.—**Royal Hotel Bertolini.**—100 rooms. Baths. Grdn. Orch. Tennis. Pens. fr. Lire 40.

Gardone (Lake of Garda).—Grand Hotel.—Large park. Garden on Lake Front. Tennis. Golf. Fishing. Bathing. Pension 45 Lire.

Menaggio (Lake of Como).-Victoria Hotel.-(1st cl.) Golf (18). Tenn. Bowlg. On lake shores. Guests mstly. Brit. Pen. fr. 35-55 Lr. (11/6 to 17/6)

Stresa.—Regina Palace.—De luxe garden on lake. Tennis. Golf. Bathing. Orchestra. Garage. Rooms from 6/-. Pension from 17/-. Swiss Man.

SWEDEN.

Saltsjöbaden (near Stockholm).—Grand Hotel.—Ldg. tourist hotel. House with every comf. for those desiring the best. Rsnble. terms.

SWITZERLAND.

Baden-les-Bains (nr. Zürich).—Grand Hotel.—First-class Cure Establishment for Arthritism. Large Park.

Basle.—Schweizerhof.—First class. Every modern comfort. Open-air Restaurant. Private auto-parking. Room from Frs. 7.

Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—On the Lake facing Mont-Blanc. Close to pier. Nr. station. Latest comfort Quiet rooms from S. Frs. 6.

Geneva.—La Residence.—1st cl. Res. All com. Spl. roof-gdn. Tennis. Open-air restaur. Marv. view on lake & mount. Pens. fr. 12 Frs.

Geneva. — The Regina. — Up-to-date. On Lake Centre. Open Air Rest. overlooking lake and city. Incl. Price 15/-, with private bath 17/6.

Geneva.—Hotel de Russie.—Best position on the lake. Facing Alps and Mt. Blanc. Latest comfort. Rooms from 6 Frs.

Geneva.—Hotel Victoria.—Facing English garden & lake. Home-like, every mod. comfort. Rooms from Fr. 4.50. Pension from Fr. 12.

Glion.—Grand Htl. & Righi Vaudois (2270 ft.) —Ideal pos. Lge. gdn-pk. ovrlkng. L. of Geneva. Evry. cmft. 1st cl. cuisine. Incl. terms fr. Frs. 12.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full south on lake front. First-class family hotel. Bathing. Tennis. Golf. Pension S. Frs. 13 up.

Gurnigel, Bernese Oberld.—3,900 ft. a.s. Sum. & wint.—**Grand Hotel.**—1st cl. 300 bdrs. bths, diet. frsts, ten. orch. Wkly. trms. incl. £5.7.0.

Interlaken. — Hotel Schweizerhof.—Best sit. fcg. Jungfrau, next Gdn. of Cas. All comf. Renowned Cuisine. Gar. Pens. fr. Frs. 14.50.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

Lausanne. — The Hotel Victoria. — Home-like house, latest comfort. Rooms from 5 Frs. Inclusive from 13 Frs. Garden. Garage.

Les Avants s/Montreux (3,281 ft.).—**Hotel de Jaman-Bellevue.** — Renovated, running water. Inclus. terms from 12s. Nic. Vital, Prop.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st class. Finest situation on lake. Resnble. terms. Private lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Garage.

Lucerne. — The National. — Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room from 8 Frs. Pens. from 18 Frs. Director: A. de Micheli.

Mont Pelerin above **Vevey.—Grand Hotel.**—1st cl. though inexpensive. 3,000 ft. Overlkg. Lake Geneva. Nr. Lausanne, Vevey. Illus. Pros.

Montreux. — Hotel Continental.—On lake. 1st-cl. Up-to-dte. Idl. hme. Chrmg. pstn. Grdn. Grge. New Rates. Cortsy. (Res. Pro. W. Deig.)

Montreux.-Montreux Palace Hotel.-Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. facing lake. Mod. comf. Golf, tenn. Lge. pk. Grge. Beach.

Mürren.—Grand Hotel and Kurhaus.—Take your "Holidays in the Alps." 3 Tenn. Cts. In June Alpine Flora. Terms en pension 18/-.

Thun.—Hotels Bellevue and Park.—Central position for excursions. Excellent cuisine, pension from Frs. 10.

Vevey.—Grand Hotel de Vevey.—Large park with direct access to lake, own beach, 2 tennis, boating. Incl. rate (pens.) with bath, £1.

Vevey. — Parkhotel Mooser. — Great comfort. Terrace overlooking lake. Pension Francs 12.50 upwards. Ch. Hauser.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—"The best of the best." Tenn., Bathg., Mountaineering, Dancg. Inclus. terms from Frs. 16—Fritz Borter, Propr.

Zermatt (5,315 ft.).—**The 8 Seiler Hotels.**—(1,000 beds.) Pension rate from Frs. 9 and Frs. 12.50.

Zurich. — Dolder Grand Hotel. — Golf in front of hotel. 1,900 feet. Wonderful view swimming pool.

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